FOR GOOD WEATHER OR BAD

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 111. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 17TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 111. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 17TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SENSE.

You come to a cross-road without a signpost, and for the life of you you cannot make out which of the ways you ought to take to get to a certain district. At length you make your selection, mount your cycle, and discover after pedalling two or three miles uphill that you have as many miles to cover before you get back into the right road.

You make this kind of mistake only if you lack the geographical sense. It depends to some extent on instinct, but still more upon the ability to read maps correctly, also to remember the observations you have made in the past.

You know it is the main road that you want to take, but where the two roads are so much alike it is difficult to say which the main one is.

You can make an intelligent guess if you remember that it will be the dustier of the two and also that there will be more traffic to be seen upon it. If you get on to a side road you can generally discover your mistake within a mile or so when you notice that you are meeting no other travellers. When the main roads are tarred, as they now are in so many districts, there is no possibility of missing the way.

THE FASCINATION OF EXTREMES.

Have you ever considered what an attraction there seems to be in opposites, in more ways than one? Take, for instance, the case of friends. Very often indeed you will find that the closest friend of a very short man is a giant of over six foot. A big man, too, generally marries a tiny woman, and the sight of a five-foot husband strutting proudly along with a five-ten wife is a very common one.

The athletic man, to pursue this line, often marries a woman of the essentially feminine and languorous type; while the more feeble man is attracted by a brawny damsel whose feats on the tennis court or the hockey-field are widely acclaimed. And you will generally find a fair-haired man with a dark-haired wife, and vice versa.

Have you ever noticed that a man with strong nerves generally smokes, for preference, a mild tobacco, and that the smoker whose nerves can least afford it goes in for a brand of the strongest blend? This is another instance of the attraction of the opposite.

But there is one instance in which this contention fails. That is in the matter of friendships between old and young. A young man will never be a real friend to a man much older than himself: and inversely the same thing applies. The feeling between two such men is bound to be something like that between a father and a son.

CHEEK.

Why go to musical comedies when you can look at the underwear advertisements in ladies' papers for a penny or two?

* * *

"It's not manner," says Lady Angela Forbes, "but the woman that makes the man." Bertie Bonnyboy observed, rather inconsequently we thought, that two can play at *that* game.

* * *

Said Mr. George Bernard Shaw recently: "I am enormously cleverer than any working-man in Bristol." Perhaps—but somehow we have an idea that a good many Bristol working-men could give him points in grammar.

* * *

"A top hat," says a weekly paper, "will often gain you more respect than a halo." Naturally. A topper costs money.

* * *

A college education, we are told, is of no use to a bus-driver. We should have thought that any experience of "coaches" would have been of some service.

* * *

"Lady Lytton," says "M.A.P.," "is singularly blessed." Strange, because she has for some time given up her life of single blessedness.

* * *

NAVAL NOTE: The Helm will steer a straighter course in future.

* * *

We have just found out why Ireland is the Green Isle. She is green with jealousy. There is no Divorce Court in Ireland.

* * *

No, Clarence, the Cingalese baby who is hired out for eight shillings a week as crocodile bait is not called a *bête noir*.

* * *

Most women pawn their diamonds because they are tired of being "stoney."

* * *

Objectors to the author of our articles on Freemasonry say that he is a far too free Mason.

* * *

Bertie Bonnyboy says that the only occasion when he would like to be an aviator is when he sees a nice girl undressing at a seventh storey window.

* * *

Some of the mud at Colchester struck Mr. Churchill's coat. He can always turn it again.

* * *

Another sign that boxing is booming is that the Tories have been so handy with their Dukes at this election.

J. S. COX.

NEW IDEAS FOR THE CYCLIST.

It is not too early too predict that next spring will see many improvements and alterations as regards the cyclist's machine and outfit.

Foremost among the latest inventions comes the long-talked-of auto-wheel, which has at last reached completion.

Complete, this wheel weighs about thirty pounds; the engine is simple and fairly compact and the storing of oil and petrol in the hollow mudguard is a happy idea.

The cyclist of tender foundations will doubtless be glad to hear of improvements which are now being made in the matter of air cushions, but this is a point which can scarcely trouble the hardy wheelsman.

Some new ideas for brakes have been invented, and many of the more expensive models of 1911 will probably be fitted with concealed levers.

Cyclists who contemplate winter purchase might well consider the all-black weatherproof models now being turned out by several large firms.

Three-speed gearsmen will welcome the slotted-tube control, a far more secure contrivance than the handle-bar or top tube controls now in use.

CARD SLANG.

The card table has a language of its own, apart from the purely technical terms of the game.

For example, at whist a hand that does not contain a trump or a court card is known as a "Yarborough."

At picquet a hand without king, queen, or knave is "carte blanche."

At whist if you win two trebles running you score a "bumper."

At poker or other games where there is a pool you are said to "tot up" when you contribute your stake.

At poker you have a "busted flush" or a "busted straight" when you have drawn to make a flush or straight and failed. A "full hand" is more generally known as a "full house," while queens are always referred to as "ladies."

The ace of spades is often called "Old Mossy Face," while the two of any suit is more correctly called the deuce, and the three the trey. The nine of diamonds is the "Curse of Scotland." One explanation of this is that the order for the Massacre of Glencoe was written on the back of the nine of diamonds, but a more probable, though less romantic, story is that many centuries ago large numbers of the Scottish nobility were ruined by a gambling game at which the nine of diamonds was an important card.

OPEN LETTER TO Mr. ALLAN SUTOR.

BY OUR MILITARY EXPERT, WHO DIDN'T FIND THE ARMY UNPLEASANT.

DEAR MR. SUTOR,

Welcome to the ranks of journalism, in which you will find plenty of ex-Service men.

It is not a bad trade taking it by and large. Nobody cares a tin-tack about your morals, a fact which may pain you, but is comforting to most of us, and you have perfect liberty to work as hard as ever you please—news which I know will bring joy to your strenuous soul.

Yours is an interesting career and character.

Before you joined the Service you were, I understand, a schoolmaster. This probably handicapped you from the beginning. When a person has been a "boss," he rarely runs kindly in the harness of an underling. From having been a master you had to go to school again—it reminds one irresistibly of Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versa."

Your "gunner" subaltern, as a rule, is a hearty sort of lad, rough, practical, interested in big guns and other virile things.

He has no appetite for Greek roots; the vagaries of the Latin subjunctive leave him cold, the only duties that interest him are those of the principal sporting events.

OUT OF TOUCH.

I can quite understand that a gentleman of your intellectual calibre found himself wholly out of touch and sympathy with these brainless young men of their hands.

This being so, it was open to you as an officer and a gentleman quietly to retire to a higher and more congenial sphere.

But while the gentleman in you saw that this was the obvious and proper course to take, your schoolmaster side prompted you to other measures.

The Army was not good enough for you, therefore it must be elevated to your level.

Mr. Haldane must be dismissed, the members of the Army Council hanged without formality of trial, an eighteen hours' working day instituted for all officers, all privates to have the inalienable privilege of writing to the "Times" or the "Daily Mail"—all this at the bidding, and to suit the convenience, of a gunner subaltern of blameless, but somewhat undistinguished, record.

Man, I could almost admire you for the colossal cheek of it.

MR. HALDANE AND THE ARMY COUNCIL.

In fact, at first I did admire you. The majority of Army men are dead against the virtual command of the Army being in the hands of a civilian, however eminent; they don't like the Army Council, not on personal grounds, but simply because it is a puppet body, the strings of which are pulled by Mr. Haldane, and there were and are abuses in the Army—as in every other profession.

You were prepared to sacrifice yourself for the ultimate good of others, and, thanks to the publicity directed to your case, you had a great chance of awakening public interest in the Service.

People were impressed by the apparent fact that you were ready to immolate not only yourself but those dependent on you on the altar of Army Reform.

In this connection I was pained to read the following from your brilliant pen in a recent number of "John Bull."

"Personally, I never at any time entertained the slightest idea of making the noise I have honestly tried to make on the subject of the present condition of the Army.

"I hoped to attain to a little higher rank, to be able to earn my pension and to retire from the Service gracefully at the earliest possible opportunity after an interesting and highly enjoyable personal experience.

"About five months ago, however, my dissatisfaction with the Army system, on public grounds, received a personal stimulus which I could not ignore without an entire deprivation of ordinary self-respect. I resolved to strike. I did so."

Well, you know, this rather takes the gilt off the moral gingerbread.

I may be wrong, but it leaves the unpleasant impression that you went on strike—the term suggests a cantankerous trade unionist, but it is your own—not out of any real regard for Army Reform, which could go hang so long as you got all you wanted, but out of personal pique; that you jeopardised the future of your family to gratify a personal grievance.

LOSING A BILLET.

Dash it all, Mr. Sutor, many a better man than you has lost a billet to which he considered himself entitled, without making a song about it.

However, all said and done, there is someing rather pleasing in the idea that you lost your temper like a common or garden man. It silences those who throw at you almost the most opprobrious of epithets that can be applied to a man, a little word of four letters, spelt PRIG.

To return, you had a great chance. There was a good deal of public sympathy with you in your trial. The King, by reducing your sentence, showed that he thought you had a measure of right on your side. And then you went and spoiled it all.

THE SECOND "INDISCRETION."

There was no excuse for your second "indiscretion." You had sent in your papers, and in a week or two you would have been free, but, whilst still an officer and a gentleman, you chose to defy the regulations in regard to Press communications, and, by implication at least, to defy and insult the King who had shown you great leniency.

Even then the authorities were willing to let you retire without stigma. But no, you insisted on "martyrdom"; had you resigned in the ordinary way there would have been no slur on you, or your family; your children would have been entitled to an excellent and cheap education at military schools of one kind or another, and on your own confession you are a poor man.

You forced the authorities to kick you out. For what good?

Whatever the Army officer may be (I am alluding to the chump-headed variety of which I am one), the man in the street is not a fool. He realised that your second act of disobedience was unnecessary, ill-timed, and ill-mannered. It weakened your case enormously, and as an Army reformer you went to a 1,000 to 3.

TACTICS.

To put it on no higher ground, it was a mistake in tactics, and, as a military expert and professional soldier, you should have known better.

Frankly, Mr. Sutor, I am disappointed in you. You had a great opportunity and you threw it away.

As a journalist, too, you have not so far come up to my expectations. It is all very well to keep on telling us that the Army is rotten, but we want some more facts to bite on than the grievances of "barrack-room lawyers."

"Confidential Reports," "War Office Jobbery," "Dishonest Army Contractors"—the public is interested in that sort of thing, but I question very much whether they care a brass farthing about the alleged wrongs of Private This or Trooper That. Presumably, you know the Army inside out; give us some spicy revelations from first-hand knowledge.

Still, I have visions about you. I foresee that in a short space of time you will discover that the Press is hopelessly corrupt and venial.

IN THE JOURNALISTIC SPHERE.

Having had an article returned you will demand an *auto-da-fe*—as we are not all as academic as you, I had better explain that this means a bonfire—of editors, sub-editors, and other inky nincompoops.

I foresee your revealing to a horrified world the average journalist's working day, which, as you will surely discover, is made up as follows:

Occupation.	H.	M.	S.
Work	0	13	½
Attempting to borrow money	20	36	0
Liquidating it when successful	0	10	0
Sleep	3	0	0
Meals and Ablutions	0	0	½
Total	24	0	0

If the average Army officer is a long way below you in ability, zeal, and capacity for work, I am convinced that the average journalist is immeasurably worse.

The Army, I daresay, can get along without you, but we need your purifying and elevating influence in journalism.

Buck up!

Sincerely yours,

"CHINSTRAP."

SOME COMMON SPORTING FALLACIES.

That "jack" and "pike" are the same thing. The jack is the incompletely developed young of the pike.

* * *

That the referee in a boxing contest stands in the ring with the men. In the ordinary way he is outside all the time, only stepping in to separate the men in clinches or to disqualify one of them.

* * *

That foreigners are no good at football. Ask some of our big amateur and professional teams who have toured in France, Austria, and South America. Football, especially soccer, is looking up all over the world.

* * *

That a thick ear is the chief sign of an experienced boxer. His greatest characteristic is a swelled head.

AN EVENING ALONE.

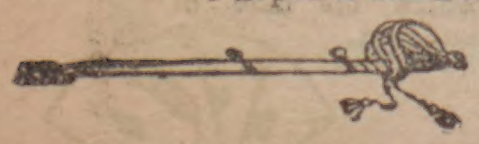
If only those instincts which debar many men from making fresh acquaintances by a reluctance to speak first could be surmounted, there would be no need for anyone to spend an evening by himself.

So many men seem to have nothing to do after office hours that it would be easy enough for two strangers to "pal up."

Sometimes the absence of the necessary box of matches will drive a man in desperation to speak to a fellow-countryman, but as a general rule men, longing in their hearts for friendship, will pass each other with a gloomy or meaningless stare.

Many men at the loose end seek companionship in a music-hall or theatre performance.

This is a remedy for the blues as experienced by many people, but by keeping his eyes open and walking around, the average man can generally find something of general interest that will occupy or amuse his mind for the required period.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

WANGFORD'S PETTY ERROR

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

The breakfast table is, to the sportsman of the sort that stays at home and backs horses, a fearsome thing on Monday mornings, for by his plate is always placed the envelope which, alas! too often contains the details of a losing account instead of an adipose cheque.

Yet it was not a Monday morning that saw, by my plated fork, what was obviously a letter from a bookmaker, and recognising it instinctively as a circular I would have consigned it, unread, to the flames.

But Fate ruled that the paper boy should be late. I saw that I should have to make of it my sole matutinal literature. Wherefore I propped it up against the coffee-pot and read on.

I had waded through three typewritten paragraphs in which J. Doemall offered me terms of business which would "admirably suit" my requirements.

"My cheque," said J. D. classically, "will be found on your breakfast table with unfailing regularity whenever you have a winning account."

All this was the usual garbage identified with the circulars of those gentlemen who send out such spider-like invitations to the flies in the hope that by chancing it they may hit on honourable but verdant sportsmen who are not on the same game as themselves.

It was not, however, until I reached the next paragraph (where, charitably and unselfishly putting himself in the cart on all laws of mathematics, J. D. announced that his specialities comprised Place Betting 1, 2, 3, 4; Place Betting when odds on; half a point over market price on future events; and "Give a run") that two words took my eye. He concluded "These are only a few of the advantages enjoyed by my clients, and I am quite certain you will be delighted to find your transactions quite free from the *petty errors* which characterise all our so-called 'leading' starting-price offices."

I—not Mr. J. Doemall—am the cause of those two words being put into the same type as the owner's colours are usually printed in upon the racing programmes. In the words of the literary critic they "touch an answering chord in my very soul!"

Petty errors! What a bugbear they are to the racing man! Because of them many a man who used to bet in thousands is shivering in the half-crown tanks to-day seeking whose watch he can add to the collection that is preserved in his assumed name at his adopted avuncular relative's.

Yet of all the men I have known affected for life by such petty errors as thinking the second horse the mere "short head" that he was not better than the winner, none, perhaps, has had his life so thoroughly altered by them as a "little" owner whom I will untruthfully call Mr. Wangford Beccles.

Dear Wangford, as his aged and severely respectable family lawyers oft averred in secret, must really have been an error of judgment on the part of the lamented Mrs. Beccles, his mother, who just previous to his birth had been a bit of a flasher with the Scattercash Hounds.

He was by no means a Beccles of the true breed, for that race, although good cheery old English farmer-sportsmen all, were yet chary enough with their banking accounts.

The musty lawyers, having been used to fat proceeds from the Beccles Estates which they solicitored, were seriously perturbed when, on his twenty-first birthday, young Wangford insisted on realising the lot—(thereby, although he knew naught of it, having Mr. Lloyd George by the short hairs).

It was to a young man that appeared to be the picture of irresponsibility that the aforesaid lawyers weighed out the wads of good English notes, which, being realised, could have been turned into a hundred thousand beautiful English sovereigns.

Those lawyers looked at him ere they should offer their skinny brown-parchment hands to him in farewell.

He was wearing a blue tie, tied into a bow, with big white spots, his waistcoat was of the canariest yellow, his breeches were Newmarket cut, his leggings set magnificently on a wondrous pair of boots. . . . As they looked they sorrowed that the petty error could not be brought home to the flighty Mrs. Beccles who had adroitly escaped any uncomfortable questions from her doting husband by rendering herself an object of much pity. . . . Then they shook hands with him and he walked out of the grey-stone-flagged hall whistling—yes, actually whistling. And the burthen of his refrain was: "Oh, won't we have a high old time!"

He provided for the next two years ample proof that the people who dilate to such length during the Silly Season on the certainty of the influence of music on the mind were not without justification.

He had a high old time, and so did one or two actresses, countless S.P. bookmakers, several stone-broke lordlings, a dozen other "good fellows," and several trainers of racehorses. What else could you expect of such a coming-of-age rig-out as I have attempted to bring to your mind's eye?

It promised patronage of the British Turf all through, from the tie with the spots to the wondrous boots. He was in the correct plumage according to the standard set up by the Oof Bird Union, of the Juggins-the-Jay. At all the various unofficial shows of the Oof Bird Union he easily won first and special best in the show. With the result—

That when a certain winter of everyone's discontent had passed it found this amateur Jubilee Plunger with the prospect of having to go through the rest of his life on the proceeds from the sale of a few moderate handicap horses and five thousand measly pounds! The utter hopelessness of the case is apparent surely to every reader, and mayhap he will do what Mr. Wangford's trainer did, namely, take leave to sincerely pity the unfortunate Wangford.

Now one of the nebulous nags that the gilded Jay possessed was called something near enough to Whippingham to pass for the truth. And although he had never taken into his head to leave his horses in any race up to the said time I write of above, yet, if asked nicely he was the sort of animal who could show as nice a pair of racing plates to a spread-eagled field as ever they wished to see.

Moreover, with an idea of having a finger in the pie the aforesaid compassionate trainer had suggested that he should be entered in the Lincolnshire Handicap. And they had let him down very lightly—so much so, in fact, that old Peter Gorse, Mr. Beccles' trainer, thought him worth having an ante-post parcel on.

He for once became utterly truthful, and a week before the race went and told his patron of his opinion, namely, that what beat Whippingham could be put down as a marvel.

Experience, however, had taught Mr. Wangford Beccles that whenever he backed his horses ante-post fashion it was an act of cruelty to them, as they always contracted a thick ankle or broke down in training, or went off horribly by the day of the race.

He shook his head.

"No," said he, "I'll be frank with you, Mr. Gorse. My last five thou.—which is perfectly useless to me—goes on a horse of some sort in the Lincoln—on the day of the race. I shall keep the name of the animal I'm backing to myself, because I find that it's asking for it if I tell a soul what I'm likely to be on."

The trainer spoke up like a man, gripped his hand, and swore that he believed Whippingham to be a real good thing for the big race! With a Drury Lane flourish he left the presence of the almost ruined owner, and that pathetic figure beloved of the serious sporting-yellow-back novelists lit a cigarette and tossed away a match in a manner that would have met with the complete approval of Mr. Nat Gould.

Three days later he saw a thoroughly genuine trial of Whippingham, became convinced of his remorseful trainer's undoubted sincerity on this occasion, and assuming an air of condescension, he went away determined to back Whippingham at Lincoln, his defeat meaning to Wangford what the alleged comedians call a "nasty, sticky end," and his victory a complete renunciation of the Turf in the favour of the profession of farming, a quiet life, and a nice little wife, who should darn his socks, etc.

Now, it must be confessed that among Wangford's weaknesses was a fancy for pretty telegraph clerks, and a girl at Lincoln (you will see now why I cannot mention proper dates and names) had been balm to his ruffled spirit on the morning following many a bad day's racing. He always put her "on" glove bets to nothing and regularly told her she had won.

It happened upon the morning of this bygone Lincolnshire Handicap that he strolled, as was his wont, into the post-office. She asked him what was going to win the big race, but bitter experience having led him to distrust everybody, he replied: "Don't you tell anyone about it. It's a dead cert for Ace of Hearts. And it's on offer at thirty-threes this morning."

After this he went back to his hotel and wrote out wires for his maximum stake to each of his forty or so thoroughly reliable S.P. merchants (whose habit it was to bet *under* the odds whenever possible; whose one invariable rule was "*no* place betting when odds on"; who did *not* "give a run").

Distrusting even the maid who tidied up his rooms at the hotel, he made out all the wires in the various codes, signed them "Wangford," his customary *nom de plume*, stamped them—and, in fact, did everything except to fill in the name Whippingham.

He was going to have a fair race of it this time!

Ere leaving the hotel he gave the wires to the hotel clerk, a young man who possessed the advantage of knowing (on being questioned) that the Derby was run at Newmarket.

At 2.55 o'clock he instructed the jockey of

Whippingham to come away and win as easily as he could.

At 3 o'clock they were "off."

At 3 1 25secs. Ace of Hearts had won the race by a little more than a head from Whippingham.

At 3 1 26secs. Mr. Wangford Beccles decided on the nasty, sticky end and took a cab off the course.

At 3.30 he walked into the post-office to wire the news of his demise to a friend he had invited to dinner that night.

And that ends the diary.

He had handed the beauteous girl his wire, when she said to him:

"Mr. Beccles, you left the name off those wires of yours ——"

A gleam of hope showed in his glazed eyes.

"By gosh, so I did," he said. "Then the Eve thou's got another chance."

"Oh no," said the telegraph girl; "I'm awfully sorry, but I filled them up with the name you told me this morning—'Ace of Hearts.'"

"Darling!" cried Mr. Beccles aloud. "Have a farm, mend my socks, be mine!"

FORMING A CLUB.

IMPRESSIONS OF A "MODERN MAN" MEETING.

The occasion was the forming of a provincial club, and once beyond the door of that room you could not help feeling in a set of clubbable downright "good sorts."

Before I knew it, I found myself telling a chap next me that I was going on later to a golf club smoker and inviting him to come. And then, as he revealed himself a frequenter of golf links, there was much talk about such things as bunkers, brassies, and long putts. Now we're good pals.

By a chance remark I next discovered that another chap had just come from a city where I also used to be stationed. Both of us are enthusiasts for country walking, and we bemoan the fact that we did not know each other in that other town. But that was in pre-MODERN MAN Club days.

Like all good Modern Men, the majority of those present are sporting that expressive little symbol of energy, which is the badge of all our tribe.

The business part of the meeting is brisk, I assure you, suggestions being fired from all parts. A committee is being formed, and Holy Smoke! Somebody's proposing *me*.

"The Committee will remain behind," says the chairman.

(What about that "smoker"; it's started by this time. Oh, hang the "smoker," I'm gong to be busy!)

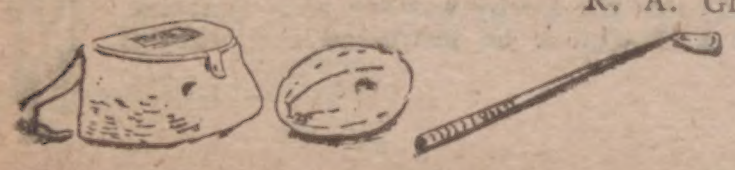
Then a chap gets on his feet to say that So-and-So is going off next day to the Far West—where the sun is said to take on the complexion of a dollar. Disappointment pervades the atmosphere; a member and a thorough good sport will be lost to our Club.

Well, anyway, we must give him a decent send-off, so "Cheers for So-and-So" are commended. Then somebody at the back starts to declare (in song) that "He's a jolly good fellow," and he is joined in a trice by a score of throats.

The heartiness of that chorus was the real thing, and when it had finished there was a call for a MODERN MAN whisper which, as I live, must have penetrated the whole building and into the street. So-and-So left that meeting with a glow at his heart, and he'll not forget the MODERN MAN send-off that we gave him.

Already, I think, we have justified our formation; every MODERN MAN Club does.

R. A. GIBB.



FOG-BOUND

THE PLIGHT OF THE CITY WORKER WHEN TRAINS STOP DEAD.

There are many forms of weather that are more bearable than fog, and, to tell the truth, the first real pea-soup fog that descends upon the City with the approach of winter is always regarded, at least by some of us, as a welcome variation from the usual course of things.

It is a curious coincidence that a City fog, when day is completely disguised into something totally different from night, and something quite unique, usually occurs when the weather, beyond the smoke belt, is at its winter best.

IN THE EARLY MORNING HAZE.

The process of running into a fog is not unpleasant to one who has neither bronchitis nor very pressing business.

On the suburban platform at eight in the morning there is sunshine through a little haze. The atmosphere is still and a fine day is promised. The banks of the railway cuttings are white with frost, and away the train-load flies, every man's pipe well alight, every newspaper unfolded, and here and there a game of cards in progress.

The train draws on into the region of perpetual chimney-pots and roofs, and when it pulls up just outside some busy station, very little notice is taken of it, for such occasional delays are well known to travellers by the eight-fifteen.

But what was overlooked as a momentary stop while a signal was against the train becomes a long and weary halt.

WHEN TIME IS MONEY.

Newspapers are dropped, and man remarks to man, in the way that travelling folk have, that "something must have gone wrong on the line."

Soon, however, even at this distance from the heart of the City, the air grows thick; the light without diminishes, and at the same time that we realise that the carriage lamp is alight we also grasp the idea that the City is undergoing the ordeal by fog.

It depends entirely on your constitution and the nature of your business how you accept this discovery.

If you happen to be deep in a rubber of whist with other fellows from your office you do not object in the least; if you have a business of your own to run you take it otherwise, for an enforced wait of an extra half-hour in the train will disorganise your business plans and lead to arrears and confusion that may take days to straighten out.

In twenty minutes the train begins to move again. Knowing that the terminus is close at hand, you begin to gather up your belongings.

But the wretched thing gains no speed, and after creeping a hundred yards further along, there is a grating, grinding sound of brakes suddenly applied, and you are again at a standstill.

By this time the atmosphere is dense and dirty. Overhead there is a dull pall of heavy yellow fog. Down on the line you catch glimpses of the next set of rails through a rift in the slowly moving clouds of wet soot and smoke held in the air by what was once pure white vapour.

RAILWAY ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

From out the blank come many sounds. An engine wheezes past on a near rail, but you do not see it. Men in your carriage stamp their feet and make remarks about "rotten luck," "infernal nuisance," and so on; while a few give it to the company hot and strong for not having a better fog-fighting plan or campaign.

Once again the train slowly edges along, suddenly, however, pulling up again at the bidding of a terrific explosion that seems to have occurred just below the window of your own carriage. You jump involuntarily.

Now, from every quarter the artillery of the fogman is speaking, and one by one the trains work their slow and difficult way into the station.

Even here it is useless to be in a hurry. Beneath the dome of the station the fog is less thick certainly; and you hasten out to find a 'bus, hoping that it is clearer outside.

But 'buses are crawling and collisions are frequent.

So, stepping out cautiously, guided only by the noises around you, for you can see nothing, you pick your way gingerly Citywards, and think yourself lucky to arrive only an hour late and with unbroken bones.

WALTER LEE.

THE PROFESSIONAL CUEISTS' EARNINGS.

The abortive efforts to fix up a match between George Gray, the Australian, and Melbourne Inman have shed some light on the earnings of professional billiard players.

The negotiations finally broke down on Inman's demands for payment for advertising crystalate balls and Messrs. Riley's tables consenting to play with and on them.

As a matter of fact, every pro. is in the pay of some billiard manufacturer or other, and some are so tied down that they may only play on his table. There is nothing very wrong in this, but billiard players emphatically do not live by playing each other for money.

Genuine money matches are rare, and even where the stakes are put up by a third party they are cut up; so much to each, win or lose.

The billiard pro. depends for his living on his subsidy from the manufacturers to whom he is attached, his share of the "gate" receipts, and he also adds quite legitimately to his income by giving lessons.

Some of them have their own billiard rooms, which are run either by themselves or by a manager.

Foreign tours help the billiard pro. to secure a substantial provision for his old age.

Billiards pays very well—at all events, the top-sawyers, who make anything from a thousand to three thousand a year.

Hints to Rinkers

OR, HOW TO PUT THE BLAME ON SOMEONE ELSE.

Technical hints on the art of rinking fall naturally into two classes, mental and physical.

Those of the first class are positive; they teach you what to do. Those of the second class are corrective; they teach you what you get when you try to do it. And as the latter illustrate themselves upon your person in sundry bumps and abrasions they are the likelier to be remembered and profited by.

You may, for example, forget Brown's precise words when, from the spectators' chairs, he described a brilliant new step which can be mastered in five minutes; yet your memory will always cling affectionately to that dizzy sensation of approaching the floor whilst whirling round like a catherine-wheel, and the still dizzier sensation of watching the rink whizz past you when you are able to sit up again and feebly look round for Brown.

THE OBLIGING FRIENDS.

If there is a third class of technical hints, it is merely a blend of these two; mental instruction combined with physical by the agency of an obliging friend, who skates up and offers to take you round and show you how.

He destroys your confidence at the outset by gripping hold of you before you are ready, and thus staggering your elaborate poise.

You quiver—not an ordinary quiver, but a kind of descending waviness which starts at your head and ends in your skates. Instinctively you make a dive for the rail, your feet fly out, his feet fly in, and you sit down side by side and regard each other with mutual indignation.

LESSONS FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

"What d'y' do that for?" you say.

"What d'y' do that for?" says he.

Then you pull yourselves up by the rail and hobble away together. Probably you complete one circuit of the rink unharmed, and back up against the wall to wipe away the perspiration and admire yourselves.

"Now try the long stride," says Smith, enthusiastically. "Like this."

He skates round gracefully, and you wonder why on earth he didn't do it so when you were with him, instead of acting like an inebriated acrobat.

He returns.

You tender your hand as diffidently as a maiden accepting a proposal, and after the first curve is behind you Smith says:

"Now for a long stride. Ready? Right!"

WITH THE INSTRUCTOR'S HELP.

At the same instant he hurls himself against you for a mighty sweep to the right. Your feet swing together; they refuse to separate; you fly, breathless, toward the centre of the rink.

"Left!"

And he darts away toward the wall, nearly pulling your arms out of their sockets. In the twinkling of an eye you are lying on your back while Smith is making desperate back strokes in an impossible attempt to keep upright.

A third man arrives; down goes Smith, down goes the third man. You raise yourself on hands and knees and sneer at Smith, Smith reviles the third man, the third man splutters his sense of unspeakable injustice; and you crawl away whilst they adjust matters, an injured and disillusioned man.

If you prefer a less exciting tuition, you will now approach the man in uniform and hire him for an hour. His stride is regular as a piston-rod. His grip is iron. His limbs are in-

flexible. If you stumble you may swing on his arm until you find your feet again, and he will never know it. You may totter, or walk, or run, or hop, or two-step, or try new tricks, but you will never put him out of his stride. At the end of the hour he will be cool and unruffled, and will deposit you as calmly as he took you up; and with his going you will feel like a tippler who has suddenly been moved on from his lamp-post.

OPINIONS ON HOW TO LEARN.

Some people think all learners should apply to the instructor for lessons, others believe that the good skater should be willing to lend a helping foot to the novice. It is best to belong to the first class when you can skate and the second class when you can't.

In addition to technical instruction, mental and physical, there are certain general hints which, whilst not referring directly to the art itself, are none the less important.

For instance, if you chance to wrap yourself round another skater, and you both drop, never be the first to rise. Wait until he is up (if he is still able to get up), and then stagger to your feet. Rub the injured parts tenderly, smile a ghastly sort of smile, and in a meaning voice say:

"I hope you haven't hurt your*self*."

ALWAYS BE THE INJURED ONE.

Lay a studied emphasis on the last syllable in order to leave him in no doubt as to whether he has hurt *you*, and don't permit him to think you blame yourself in any degree. Strict adherence to this will disarm the most battered and indignant skater, and send him away feeling a disgrace to the rink.

Should you have the misfortune to drop when no one is near whom you can clutch, bring down with you, and blame, it is always best to get up quietly, go back to where the mishap started, and look cautiously at the floor. Then lift up each foot, and spin all the skate-wheels round.

This does no good, of course, but it impresses the spectator. If you have friends present you may prefer to do the thing more thoroughly. Bend down with sudden interest when you try the sixth or seventh wheel, spin it again, and listen. Then look up with a calmly intelligent smile, to indicate that this explains it all, and punt yourself along on one skate to the skate man. He is sure to tell you that there is nothing wrong with the skates, but that is his formula, and you are entitled to tell him so.

In carrying out the foregoing, be careful that before raising the foot you take a good grip of a strong pillar. Some people don't do this. They imagine they can balance on one leg and swing the other about as they like. They can't.

HOW TO COLLIDE.

When practising new steps, never cross both legs at once. Even the best skaters don't attempt it.

When you see that you must inevitably run into a man, aim yourself at the middle of his back. This prevents his clutching you and bringing you down with him. At the moment of impact lean forward so that the bump will knock you vertical again and thus leave you on your feet to skate round and ask him whether he has hurt himself.

Such politeness costs nothing, looks well, is grateful and comforting to the sufferer, and adds to the sociability and good feeling of the rink.

ASHLEY MILNER.

CLEANING THE SKIN.

A clean, bright skin comes from good health, but in these days of sedentary occupations, it is not always possible for a man to be in the most robust state of health, and, consequently, his skin cannot be as clean and wholesome as he would like it to be.

He observes this fact when he is going to a dance, and when he wants to look his best.

It is for such an occasion that the following remedy is suggested.

Fill a basin with boiling water, and hold your head above it, covering the lot with a thick bath towel. The steam will make every pore of your skin exude sweat, and thus every pore will be cleansed.

It will be necessary, from time to time, to raise the towel, and take a breath of air. In fact, each period of steaming should not last for more than thirty seconds, and it will be quite sufficient if you repeat the process about five times.

This will clean the skin, and make it look fresh and wholesome, but those who are troubled with muddy skins, or with pimples, should also take care to eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, in order to cleanse the blood and remove the cause of the trouble.

ARE YOU STUDYING?

The man with an exam. to get through often goes the wrong way to work when he comes to town to study. It may be that he has to attend lectures or engage a coach.

For such there is every reason for going to the centre of things, but for the man who has his books and who knows the lines on which to work, there is no more disturbing place than a great city.

For sustained, concentrated work there is no place like the remote country. A well-known author frequently disappears from his friends and acquaintances in Bohemian London for long periods. Nobody knows where he goes.

By accident I discovered him one day, out for a sharp walk. He was staying in a certain secluded farmhouse, and he was writing hard at his novel.

He said the temptations to slackness in town were simply appalling. And it is so. It is not that a man has no will to resist, but the very act of resistance, and the knowledge that in two minutes one can be in the midst of good company and having a good time, takes away one's power of concentration.

It is for this reason that much of a man's best work is done after midnight, when the town sleeps and there are no inducements to walk out and see life.

In the heart of the country there is never any thought of the club, theatre, and restaurant, or even of the busy streets.

If you have hard brain work to do, seek a quiet village and your task will be easier.

BOGUS CONCERT AGENTS.

A TIP FOR YOUNG MUSICIANS.

Ambitious young singers, pianists, and musicians in general, often fall into the hands of unscrupulous musical and concert agents, who fool them with promises of fame, take all the money they have got, and then chuck them aside like a sucked orange.

It is not an easy matter, of course, for the novice to distinguish between the advertisements of the genuine and the fraudulent agent. Here are two tips, however, that should be useful.

If you look down the concert advertisements in the daily papers you will see that great musicians are appearing under the agency of certain firms, and you may take it that, in nine cases out of ten, these firms are all right, and will treat you honestly.

In the tenth case, the advertiser may be a cold rogue who risks a criminal prosecution by falsely representing himself as agent to a musician of repute. In order to make quite sure of whom you are dealing with, therefore, it is as well, to write to the musician in question asking whether Messrs. So-and-So are his agents, and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Don't imagine that because an agent acts for famous people he will consider you, the novice, beneath his notice. The genuine agent is always on the look-out for fresh talent.

The second tip is to have nothing to do with an agent who wants a fee for hearing you, or arranging a concert on your behalf.

It is perfectly true that the only way you can get before the public, or rather, before the critics, is by giving a concert, and that it is going to cost you money for expenses in the way of rent of hall, lighting, advertising, and so on. But the genuine agent will charge you nothing beyond the actual expenses, the exact bills for which will be rendered to you.

The fraud charges an inclusive fee—just as much as he thinks you will pay—and pockets the difference between the actual expenses, which he cuts as low as possible.

The honest agent will not arrange a concert for you at all unless he thinks there is something in you, for it does him no good to produce "rotters."

On the other hand, if an agent believes in you, it is worth his while to give you his services free, gratis, and for nothing in the first instance, on condition that should you prove a success, you appoint him your agent on the usual terms of commission.

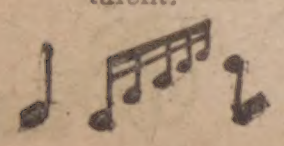
Of course, no agent can guarantee a success, but if you make your début under the auspices of a reputable man you may be sure that the best critics and people genuinely interested in music will attend and that you will get a fair hearing.

The bogus agent, on the other hand, does not care whether you have talent or not—all he wants is your money. The people, whose opinions count, know this, and will not attend concerts given under his direction. The result is that, even if you have real talent, you will never get a fair chance if you fall into the clutches of one of these gentlemen.

If an agent tells you that he can influence the critics by "palm oil" he is a liar. He may be able to get you a flattering notice in some wretched rag that carries absolutely no weight; but as to influencing the critics of important organs, the thing is out of the question.

A further point is not to try to "get at" the critics through mutual friends, letters of introduction and so on. That sort of thing does far more harm than good, for the critic naturally thinks that he is being asked to favour you against his judgment, and that, therefore, you cannot have much genuine talent.

E. J. CASIER.



A MAN AND HIS MAPS

PLEASURES THAT MAY BE LIVED OVER AGAIN.

Do you like maps?

Don't answer if you look upon them as only to be used now and then, in an emergency. But if your eyes sparkle at the very word, you are of the Brotherhood.

We are a little band to whom maps are a passion, to be enjoyed by the fireside as much as on the road. When we draw a chair to the fire and light a pipe, these winter nights, it is a wonderful book indeed that proves more fascinating than a good map.

If we know the country shown on the map, good—it is a chart of happy memories. If we have never set foot on it, good also—it is something to dream over.

The favourite corner of my bookshelves contains a good atlas and a bundle of road maps.

Here is a map of Devonshire, crinkled and stained by the rain that caught me as I tramped across Dartmoor, trying to lose myself for the very fun of working my way out again.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

To many people it is only a piece of paper with brown lines running here and there, and names scattered about. But I run my eye along the pencilled marks, and remember the purple waves of heather, with the rocky patches where I took much of the hideous newness out of my boots, and the ditches that I sometimes jumped and sometimes fell into.

Here is my route as I pushed on "from sea to sea," from Plymouth by winding marches through Tavistock, Chagford, Okehampton, and Launceston to Bideford.

The very names are music to the man who loves roads and maps, and to pick out all the different places and note their position with regard to other towns and villages is a delight.

SOME KENTISH RECOLLECTIONS.

This big roll is a sheet of the ordnance survey showing the Medway estuary.

It brings back an altogether jolly time when two of us set out in a boat from Sheerness to explore the marshes, islands, and creeks between there and Gillingham.

A pencil mark at the head of Stangate Creek, just off Barksore marshes, shows the exact spot, for the benefit of future explorers, where the receding tide left us on the mud. It was too soft to get overside and walk, and in strict confidence we wanted an excuse to stay there.

We ate sandwiches, drank bottled beer, and smoked pipes under the stars; then dropped asleep and woke stiff and cold, but very content, at dawn, to find ourselves afloat again.

What book could bring back to us, as this map does, the days and nights of pulling down those creeks, landing up to our knees on Stoke Saltings, and filling up our chart with notes and observations that gave us all the joy Peary and Shackleton ever knew?

Here is another big sheet, marked "Manœuvre Map 1909." What memories it holds of a glorious three days' battle between Redland and Blueland.

Put your finger on any spot, especially around Faringdon, where the Southern army took its gruel on Cromwell's Battery, to the music of the big guns the Northerners had brought across the river. Here is Radcot Bridge, where for a whole morning I watched the crossing contested with great splutter of rifles till artillery came into action on the north bank and cleared the way for a charge that carried the bridge.

MAPS FOR THE LONDONER.

Here, too, is Witney, where I had halted a few moments for breakfast a few hours after the battle opened. I had been up all night, and was ravenous, but the distant boom of big guns from the direction of Lechlade brought that meal to a premature end, and for the rest of the day I lived on cigarettes and chocolate.

Then there is a long straight nearly fifty miles away, for modern battles are fought over a huge area—but if I dwell on any one map its memories will run away with my pen.

To the Londoner who loves maps there is nothing more fascinating than a good road map of the district for twenty-five miles round the metropolis. He puts his finger on the suburb where he lives, and then runs his eye down the roads that lead over the hills and far away to the real country.

THE ROAD TO THE COUNTRY AND SEA.

The ugly main road with its electric trams and shops takes on a new meaning when you realise that it is but the gate to the highways and country lanes of Hertfordshire or Surrey.

You feel the nearness of the field-paths and the springy tracks through the woods, and when you start out on a tramp you set your face towards the country with more interest and more hope.

Going for a walk seemed so dull and useless when you thought yourself pent in a maze of bricks and mortar from which there was no escape. But after poring over the map there comes a sense of how small London really is compared with the countryside beyond, where the road runs down the map and then across to the sea.

J. S. PENNE.

PEOPLE WE PITY.

The man seated alone in a northern express who finds on producing his pipe for a smoke that he has no matches.

* * *

The man who wants to accept Higginbotham's invitation to make a night of it, but learns that he must stay at home while his wife goes to the mothers' meeting.

* * *

The man who has plenty of money and dyspepsia.

* * *

The man whose bursting heart is full of affection for the other sex, but who has a face that the girls laugh at.

* * *

The pathetic person who spends half-an-hour in front of the looking-glass every morning to see if hair has sprouted on his upper lip.

* * *

The man who has started on a non-stop journey of many miles and has forgotten to buy

MODERN MAN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE VIKING'S TREASURE

By JOHN G. ROWE.

It was sunset and the *Sea Nymph* was creeping out of the crowd of other smacks in the tiny harbour of Clovelly. She was one of the larger craft engaged in the herring fishery and carried a crew of three men, as well as her skipper and owner.

With the aid of long sweeps they cleared the pierhead with its signal tower, then the brown mainsail was hoisted, and the little vessel, catching the breeze, scudded merrily out across the bay, tossing the spray contemptuously before her.

"Say, you chaps," said the new hand, "have ye ever read about the Vikings of old?"

"Ever read your grandmother! Who were the Vikings, anyway?" asked Instow.

"I've read the tale o' 'Westward Ho!' if that's what yo' mean," said Brunton, the mate, after a meditative pull at his pipe.

"Ah, there's mention, I think, of the Vikings in that book, but only just a mention," said Haine. "Howsomever, that book tells exactly what I were driving at. The Vikings, Mr. Instow," turning to the scoffer with elaborate politeness, "were our great—great ancestors, at least, the ancestors of some on us. They were Danes, who landed on the English coast centuries ago, and raised Cain, robbin' and murderin' and grabbin' all they could jolly well lay their hands on."

"How could they be the ancestors o' Englishmen, if they were Danes?" asked Instow.

"I don't mind enlightening ye," said Mr. Haine. "Some on 'em made their homes in England, settled here and married English wives, and so had English children, if you want to know. But what I'm driving at——"

"Ay, come to that," growled the mate.

"Is that this 'ere part of the coast was for a long time overrun by Vikings, and I'm sure they must ha' buried heaps o' treasure—plunder, you know—at places along it."

"Well, if they did, I suppose they dug the heaps up again," said Instow.

"Don't know so much about that. The book the mate's just spoken of says as 'ow Hubba, the great Danish leader, was killed at Appledore, close by, by the Devonshire men, who wiped out something like a thousand of his chiefs and warriors with him. So they mayn't have had a chance of diggin' up their treasure. In fact, it tells in the same book about his fairy treasure and his crown of gold, that weren't found by the Devon men."

"Well, he may have left 'em at home, or put 'em in the bank like a sensible pusson," Instow suggested.

Haine gave him a withering glance of scorn.

"There weren't no banks in them days, and I've read more'n just 'Westward Ho!'—I've read all about that chap Hubba in an English 'istory I 'ave, and about King Alfred. He was the King of England at the time, and Hubba didn't return to where he came from with his plunder, but hung round here and South Wales, where he got most of the swag. Then he went to Bideford and got killed, and that was the end on him. So I says it's very likely he buried his treasure and crown of gold somewheres round here, and I don't mind tellin' ye I've come down here special, to try and find it. I'm a Bideford man, as ye know."

"'Ware heads!" the voice of the skipper interrupted the conversation, and as the helm went over, the smack swung round and the boom did the same.

The crew sprang to the halyards.

"Let go!" bawled the skipper, and the mainsail was lowered to the deck.

Now the locker aft was opened, and all hands hauled out and passed along the well-corked nets to the skipper, who tossed them overboard. When the net was all out, the end was made fast to the taffrail, and then, from the cuddy for'ard, Haine brought a can of beer and hunks of bread-and-cheese and pickles.

Supper disposed of, the skipper lay down and the crew pulled out their pipes and talked in whispers.

"Yes, I've come down here, special, from Bideford, to try and find the treasure of Hubba the Viking, or of some of his lootenants, I don't mind tellin' ye," resumed the new hand.

"Ye'll have a job if ye mean to dig up the whole shore of Bideford Bay, my lad," chuckled the mate.

"No doubt; but I've thought it all out, and I believe it 'ud be on that high hill ye call Hackentree Bower where they'd be likely to bury their treasures."

"There's somethin' in that, certainly," said Instow, rather soberly for him. "But ye'll have the lord o' the manor fallin' foul of ye, if ye go digging the hill-top up."

"It will have to be done quiet-like, of course. On some dark night like this. Say, will you two join me in the search? We can go some night it's too bad for the smack to put to sea."

It was a lovely starry night—one to awake romantic ideas in the breasts of even Haine's unromantic auditors as they sat there listening to the soft plash-plash of the waves against the boat's ribs and to his eager hopes of finding the Danish chief's fairy treasure and crown of gold.

Even the sceptical Instow felt its influence.

At the end of four hours the skipper gave the order "Nets in," and they hauled upon the line.

Slowly it was dragged in with its struggling, writhing burden. Here and there, in one of the meshes, glistened a herring, caught fast by the gills. Now the fish got thicker, and every mesh held a captive, flashing like silver in the darkness.

When the net was all in, sail was set once more, as the weather was threatening, and the smack ran for home. The Clovelly herring fishers only stay the night at sea.

"I don't mind tellin' ye," said Haine, using his habitual phrase, "now ye've both agreed to join me i' the search, what put it into my head that Hackentree Bower would be the place. It was a chat I had with an old chap who was cuttin' turf there. Ye'll know him—old Joe Gillott."

Brunton and Instow nodded.

"I didn't tell him what I was after, but I asked him if he found anything curious under the turf to bring it to me, and I'd stand him something."

"Tell ye what, Brunton," said Instow, when they were on shore again, "we can have a fine lark with Haine over this treasure business. Let's get old Joe Gillott to purtend he found somethin' on the cliff. Ye know that broken copper pot the wife keeps her eggs in? That'll do fine."

Haine was sitting in the inn patronised by the fishermen, late that afternoon, when Brunton and Instow dropped in. They joined him, and the three had not been drinking long together before in walked the old turf-cutter, Joe Gillott. He crossed at once to Haine.

"Mister," said he, with a wink aside at the other two, "ye told me to come straight to ye with anythin' I found on Hackentree Bower, so I've brought ye this pot. I found it this mornin' close to the cliff-edge."

Haine leaped excitedly to his feet.

"What'll you take for it?" he asked.

"What do you say to two bob? I think it's worth two bob, don't ye, mates?"

"Right-o!" said Haine; and two shillings changed hands.

The three men hurried off to Brunton's cottage and there equipped themselves with a couple of spades.

The cliff gained, the spot described by Gillott was soon located, and, rolling up his sleeves, Haine got to work at once, throwing aside the earth rapidly.

The other two watched with interest.

The earth seemed soft, and soon he was knee-deep in it. Presently there was a loud metallic clang—the ring of iron on iron—and his companions' laughter ceased.

The corner of a small iron box protruded from the soil.

Haine dropped on his knees beside it and tugged at it.

It came up readily in his grasp, and simultaneously burst open.

The starting eyes of Brunton and Instow caught the glitter of bright yellow metal within.

Haine promptly slipped the box under his arm, sprang out of the hole, and made off at full speed in the direction of the village.

It was about three hours later when Instow and Brunton, hot and exhausted and smothered from head to heel with dust, looked in at the door of the inn. Haine was sitting over a pot of ale.

"Tom," said Brunton persuasively, "you're not going to be so mean as to not go whack over that find o' yours?"

"Still, you thought to have the laugh of me, you know; so ye ought to be the losers some way. Lookee here; I'll share and share alike wi' you, if ye each pay me two quid."

"We'll fetch the money round to your place in an hour's time, Tom."

True to their appointment, Brunton and Instow appeared at Haine's lodgings.

They placed a couple of sovereigns apiece in his hand; and then he showed them up to his bedroom, and, pointing to the iron box standing on a table, said, as he slipped out behind them to the landing again:

"You're quite welcome, shipmates, to all the old brass and broken glass lustres the box contains. I don't want any of them. It's a case of the biters bit agin, mates. It was a put-up job o' mine, wi' old Gillott, from first to last, I don't mind tellin' ye."

He was half way down the stairs, and only paused long enough to call up the finish of his speech. Then he bolted from the house, and beauteous Clovelly knew him no more.

THE BLEAT OF THE BIOGRAPHER.

A SERIES OF LETTERS.

By GEORGE HOPWOOD.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I am sure you will sympathise with me in my present misfortune—a state of affairs beside which the elementary rock-pushing of Sisyphus pales into insignificance.

In addition to having been the closest and best friend of the late Adolphus Brayer (the eminent plainspoken, but, alas! almost Rooseveltian politician), I am also a journalist.

Messrs. Bragger, the deservedly respected publishers, happen to know of this other misfortune of mine and, to cut a sad story short, they have commissioned me to write the Life of the late Adolphus Brayer, and also to edit his Letters.

Being a man of fertile imagination and a writer of personal pars withal, the Life is a mere bagatelle to me, but I ask you what in the name of Morley am I to do with the following, which I select haphazard from a generous wastepaper-basketful sent me by fellow admirers of the late Mr. Brayer?

* * * * * * * *

Adolphus Brayer to a certain Cabinet Minister.

DEAR OLD MAN,

It struck me upon reading through the report of the speech you made last night at Manchester that either you or the representative of the "Morning Post" must have been deplorably drunk, but on due deliberation I have come to the conclusion that as no "Morning Post" reporter has ever been known to drink anything stronger than a lemonade-and-claret, the probabilities are that you are the guilty party.

Under these circumstances, I suppose it is as well to cancel our appointment for lunch to-day, as I think it little short of a deadly sin to take to Romano's a man not in a fit condition fully to appreciate its cuisine.

Yours, etc.,

ADOLPH.

Adolphus Brayer to his wife.

DEAREST EMMELINE,

In answer to your note received this morning, may I ask what reason you imagine I had for becoming a Member of Parliament if, as you put it, "I know well enough that every husband worthy of the name should come home to sleep at least four nights per week."

Re your concluding observation, the address of Mrs. Pankhurst may be obtained from the Editress of "Votes for Women"—only remember *I* shall not come forward to bail you out.

Your affectionate husband,

ADOLPH.

Adolphus Brayer to an impecunious friend.

DEAR JONES,

I cannot conscientiously say thank you for yours to hand.

Before you waste good ink again upon the fallacious idea that M.P.'s have money to lend, might I remind you that one of the first and truest things a good middle-class father teaches his son is that "the House of Commons is the finest club in the world"? As, doubtless, you were born of respectable parents you have only to couple this truism with the fact that, frequently enough, for "all night sitting," as the papers have it, "all night standing" (drinks) may be read.

And when I add to the foregoing by telling you that most of my Radical friends nobly support the honest efforts of the Chancellor of the Exchequer by drinking quite as much whisky as they ought, you will see why "a fiver until the second Saturday in next week"—(or was it month? I cannot go to the risk of burning my fingers by rescuing your letter from the flames at its present stage of cremation)—is out of the question.

Yours, etc.,

ADOLPHUS BRAYER.

Adolphus Brayer to a lady named Opkins.

MADAM,

As you have observed in your letter I have not forgotten the promise I made when canvassing on behalf of myself in the election of 1895 to stand godfather to the infant then in your arms, and also to any succeeding progeny with which your husband and yourself might be blessed. Reference to my books shows, however, that I have redeemed that promise by cash payment on twelve occasions.

It is not because this is the thirteenth (and to some shallow minds "unlucky") that I now must ask to be excused. While knowing that, as Mr. W. S. Gilbert put it (in verse), every child born into this world is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative, yet the Other Side's election agent being what he is, and the present Government being what they are, it is with regret that I must decline the honour you do me in asking me to act as godfather to your new baby. If I send a guinea to be put in the Savings Bank for him (or sunk in a brewery by your husband) the Other Side, having regard to W. S. Gilbert's lines, might consider it incipient bribery.

Wishing the baby the very brightest of prospects (on the understanding, of course, that you and the Other Side take this as a perfectly legal manner of "nursing the constituency"),

I am,

Yours faithfully,

ADOLPHUS BRAYER.

Adolphus Brayer to his Election Agent.

DEAR MR. ——,

As I see by reference to my diary that this day week is fixed for my dinner to the District Organising Secretaries and the Workers in my Constituency, I feel that (with the bills for several such affairs in the past now before me) a few remarks on the subject might be found helpful to you.

Now, we all know the well-worn maxim of some byegone martial luminary that "the soldier fights best on a full stomach."

Applying it to my case, it seems that you have considered that Organising Secretaries and Workers organise and work better on what can only be termed an elephantine blow-out.

Upon the forthcoming occasion, however, I would have you remember that the aforesaid martial luminary did not have to provide the commissariat out of his own pocket.

With my money, however, it is a different matter altogether. Therefore, I would like you to note that the following are barred admission under the guise of "Workers," namely:

(1) That old champagne-swilling thief of a Colonel Peppercorn (who has had enough money out of me already at Pool).

(2) All his friends.

(3) All gentlemen who attend, also, the workers' dinner given by my respected opponent. These are barred, as it seems to me they cannot be sincere.)

(4) All those connoisseurs of good cigars who, when the Henry Clays were handed round last time, took one to smoke at the moment and a further generous handful to "bring back memories of the most pleasant evening of their lives" on another occasion.

Yours, &c.,

ADOLPHUS BRAYER.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the league badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.

18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

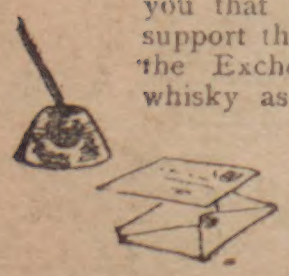
I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.



THE TRUE VAGABOND.

SOME OF HIS SPECULATIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

Not every man who leaves his house and goes a-roaming is a vagabond. Often even the rambler is not a vagabond, for he has a purpose in his wanderings, while the vagabond has none.

It is the first essential of vagabondage that the man who practises it shall have no ulterior object. He must on no account allow any ambition to reach a certain point to control one footstep of his way.

If inns beset his path and he is thirsty, he may enter and refresh. He need not travel on when he has paid his reckoning, but if the mood seizes him he can step across the road and doze on a stile if the autumn sun is warm enough, as it sometimes is, to entice him from consciousness.

Needless to say, vagabondage requires no outfit. There be those who deny this. They hold that one must go by caravan, with things for saving trouble and cooking meals.

But these are they who take so much of the town with them on their wanderings that they know nothing of true vagabondage.

When they are on the road they let their thoughts carry them eight miles ahead. "We must get to so-and-so by sundown," they say. But if the vagabond cared where he was at sundown, sunrise, or high noon!

In the vagabond's road there is nothing at the end of the road half so attractive as the spot where he happens to be.

It must be a complete escape from the parade in full view of others, from the crowded highways of life, and the clamour of the market and the business.

Nor is it so much a matter of business. A vagabond may be as happy as—a vagabond, on a roaring city as on a lonely hill-top.

Now and again one sees such a man. He wears easy clothing, his pace is different from the pace of all around him; he is in the city but obviously not of it, and with utter indifference to the stare of those who think him a mere breaker of conventions, he goes on his way rejoicing and self-sufficient.

You can tell him at sight. He carries with an atmosphere of aloofness about and is so obviously a child of some other world than that of care and business.

He brings into the city streets subtle suggestions of the voice of the sea or the sough of the winds. The city's houses and streets do not seem to narrow his outlook, for in his eyes is the roving look that knows wide horizons of thought and long views of the land and sea.

For him as for the famous gipsy "there's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath."

He knows that the less he entangles his life with affairs, the steadier will be his grip on the fact that he is alive.

Not that he lives with thoughts and aspirations too lofty, with a tune in his heart with which even he cannot sing in harmony. Far from it. It is a life that enables him to regain what social strife has stolen—an appreciation of the things the busy man takes for granted. He does not, in short, believe that all that man is and may be shall be subordinated to some theoretical Utopia called "the general good."

While this is arriving, struggling to a birth whose labour pains seem infinitely prolonged, he has realised the Kingdom within himself.

Who knows that he is not right? Who can assure us that all our over-regulated existence is not putting farther off than ever the time when mankind shall realise the folly of the world as something better than the mere utility of amassing gold.

M. BRUCE.

WHAT THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY COST.

First of all, every shooting man who has a dog has, of course, to obtain a licence for it. This was formerly 5s., but it now costs 7s. 6d. and it has to be taken out for every dog more than six months old (except sheep-dogs, used for no other purpose than the care of sheep, blind men's dogs, and hounds, which are otherwise paid for).

The penalty for neglecting to take out a licence when required is a fine of £5 and costs in respect of each dog.

But for using a dog, without a licence, for the purpose of killing or taking game, the penalty is £20.

Every person using a dog, gun, or other engine to take or kill game—*i.e.*, pheasants, partridges, grouse, heath or moor game, black game (or the eggs of the foregoing), and hares—or for taking or killing any woodcocks, snipe, quail, landrail, rabbits, or deer, must take out a game licence, or, as it is called in Ireland, a certificate to kill game. The cost of this varies from £3 to £1.

No licence is necessary, however, for netting of snaring woodcocks or snipe, for killing rabbits in a warren, for coursing or hunting hares, or for hunting deer.

Members of the Royal Family are exempt from taking out a game licence, as are the Royal gamekeepers. Also persons assisting *without guns* in the killing of game by persons duly licensed, are exempt, as are owners or occupiers of enclosed land killing hares thereon.

But although these latter need take out no game licence they must hold a gun licence at a cost of 10s.

With the exception of the exemptions given above, the penalty for killing or even "searching for" game without a licence is a fine not exceeding £5. Any person discovered "searching for" game and refusing his name and address, or to produce his licence, when called upon to do so by authorised persons, is liable to a penalty of £20.

Everybody, too, with very few exceptions, who uses a gun must take out a licence for it, under a penalty of £10. The exceptions are those who have a game licence, and persons in the Army, Navy, Territorial Force or Constabulary using their firearms in the performance of their duty.

Strangely enough, a toy pistol has been held to be a gun, "within the meaning of the Act."

L. J. BEVERAGE.

A LONELY WORKMAN.

THE OSIER CUTTER OF THE MARSHLAND.

He is one of the few men of the village who go "down" to their work. The rest go "up" to it.

The reason is that the village is settled along the strip of land that just divides the low-lying "moor" or marsh from the little hills, and most of the men are farm labourers on the ploughland of the hills.

The man who goes "down" is the osier cutter whose work just now gives him little time to waste and brings him in the best pay of any season of the year, not even excepting corn harvest.

The great moor, once the bottom of a wide-spreading estuary whose waters were at tide times brackish with the sea salt, is a place that all the villagers avoid.

It is a kind of haunted place where mists gather every night, whence eerie noises float up to the village, where some have seen strange lights and others have been terrified by things they have neither seen nor heard except in their own confused imaginations.

But Jim Court seems impervious to the terrors of the moor, and year by year he goes down to its low, swampy fields with the early days of winter to cut the osiers.

There are acres and acres of these long, thin, willow wands down there, and Jim has the cutting of them all. His father had it before him, and there seems to have descended from father to son a special skill in dealing with the valuable strips from which the "measter" makes so many baskets.

Hundreds of the "bushel baskets" that the market costermonger carries in a pillar of ten or twelve upon his head come from this moor.

Very early in the morning Jim leaves his fellow-villagers and takes the track—it cannot be called a road—down to the levels. For hours he is lost in the "withy beds" as the willow plantations are called, and all the time he is cutting down the wands and placing them in convenient bundles ready to be carted up to the yard.

Sometimes from my garden on the hillside I can pick him out with the glass and see his knife busy at the stumps.

He is fond of a chat because he so seldom has a word with a single human being from morning till night. He takes his dinner to the moor, for it is too far to return.

Often the only man within two miles of him is the turf-cutter, but he is too far away to talk to—a mere speck over a mile of dykes and gates.

When a stranger does happen down on the levels he makes straight for Jim, out of sheer curiosity to see what a man can find to do all day in this apparent expanse of shrub and pasture.

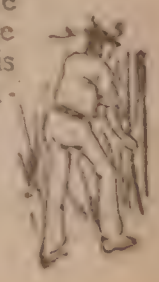
Jim is strong on geography, and makes an opening so that he may display his knowledge of the country that lies all round him. He knows each place by its church, and rolls off the brief chronicles of each in a sort of sing-song usually found only in the mouth of a cathedral verger.

When a cartload or two has been cut and bound in bundles, Jim goes back to the village and returns with a horse and cart and loads up leisurely.

Once safely within the stripping yard, where the osiers are peeled and prepared for conversion into baskets, his responsibility ceases, and having handed over the horse and cart to another hand he trudges back to the cottage, free from the moor for another night.

But even as he sits at home and smokes he is very near to his work, for his cottage window looks out over the levels and his eyes seem for ever fixed on the young willows.

A. K. MILLER.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The GALLANT DEFENDERS

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The Territorial Army was engaged in war of the most sanguinary description. The corner of an otherwise peaceful county was embroiled.

Not less than four sleepy little villages had been awakened by the tramp of marching feet. And everyone was very angry about it except the village maidens.

Through the one street of the biggest of these villages a half company, sweltering beneath the rays of the sun, managed to march somewhat perkily. Around their khaki caps were the red bands that distinguished the defenders from the enemy.

The company brought with them two evident prisoners — dusty invaders — whose names, it seemed, were merely John and Henry respectively.

They walked on even when halt had been called by a very diminutive Sergeant, who looked what he was—a clerk in an East-End warehouse.

Once halted, the prisoners saw fit to parley with their captors.

"We're prisoners," said John, "and wish to be treated as such—that is to say, *with* courtesy."

"Stand 'em up against the village pump and shoot 'em," someone suggested, bloodthirstily. "You should have seen what the long 'un tried to do to my eye."

Some village maidens, standing coyly by a wall nearby, protested.

"We're too bloomin' 'andsome to be shot, aren't we, my dears?" said Henry. "That's right. You speak up for us. Don't let 'em treat us 'arshly. We've got mothers at home, and sisters and sw——"

The wise John—they were both of an infantry regiment—pinched his friend very hard in the right place and at the right moment.

"Wow!" said Henry.

"Don't you say anything about sweethearts, you fool," his friend hissed, "else you'll shop us in once. I say. Look at the Sergeant. He don't look 'appy, do 'e?"

Sergeant Smithkins only too plainly was not in that state of felicity.

"Now, what shall we do with 'em?" he asked. "The obvious thing, of course——"

"Don't talk about the obvious thing for Gawd's sake," said a fellow non-com., pausing a moment to smile at one village maiden in particular. "Do you want all our nursin' of the—the constituency to be for nothin'? John there, is not even a good-lookin' pig, but there's a twinkle in the eye of Henry that would condemn an archangel. And here's us been holdin' this village for two whole days—probably losin' points when they weigh it all up.

"Yes, our best move would have been to retire to the other little hamlet after we lost the Captain and that half company."

The Sergeant raised a hand to his wearied brow. The mantle of Elijah hung very heavily upon his shoulders. He had learnt by bitter experience that the life of a non-commissioned officer who is suddenly promoted by the theoretical loss of the commissioned officers is a very hard one.

It had been the fancy of the Captain—a morbid man who was always seeing himself laid low by a German bullet in 1913—that the Sergeant should handle the men himself.

The Colonel of the regiment bothered very little about the Sergeant and his half company. Accurately translated, after reading between the lines, his orders read: "Go and play at soldiers in your own tinpot little fashion and be hanged to you. Your company is the worst in the regiment, and your Captain is—worthy of it!"

Yet everything had gone fairly well. They had picked up John and Henry, having interrupted them at an appropriate game of German whist which they had been playing behind a hedgerow.

Their Christian names were all the prisoners would favour them with. They had, out of pique, refused to give their *parole d'honneur*, and the Sergeant, being unused to the usages of mimic war on the comprehensive scale of 1910, had seen nothing for it but to take them to the village with him.

And now they demanded to be treated *as* prisoners—"that is to say, with courtesy."

"Well, it's like this," said the Sergeant, scratching his head, "er—our reputation is staked on the defence of this village. We must be up and doing, you know. Don't do for us to sit down and play cards, you know. We aren't in *your* little lot."

"Can't you understand that we've got to strike for our 'earths an' 'omes an' firesides?" asked another non-com., semi-humorously. "Why don't you fellows give us your parole and—and go away?"

Henry, the Narcissus of the party, was lost in studying the bevy of Sylvan beauty that stood by admiringly. It was only too evident that they—the prisoners—were considered somewhat *de trop*.

"You let us retire and consider it," he said suddenly. "We give you our word we won't go ten yards from the pump."

Now, for all that, both John and Henry, privates of a certain County of London battalion, were vastly fond of a little game of German whist, yet, deep down, they had the interest of their corps at heart.

"John," said Henry hurriedly, when they were some yards from the pump, "we've got 'em on the hop! Our lot are bound to capture this village if we keep this bright crew here."

"But how can two chaps ——" John began in bewilderment.

"All you've got to do is to smile at the girls," said his comrade.

"Come back and smile like mad. . . . My grand-aunt," he added, "I won't *half* pay these blighters out for interrupting our game just when all my small hearts were as good as trumps! I tell you we can put this little Sergeant well in the cart—him and his blooming reputation. Pooh! Now, then, come back and smile. It doesn't matter tuppence about your ugly face so long as you've got a khaki suit on. So don't let *that* worry you, John."

"My hat! His face will be worth seeing when our lot come up and capture the bloomin' village, won't it?" observed John. And thinking of this he clean forgot the criticism of his personal beauty.

* * * * * * *

For some time the half company had been in a ferment. Very clearly the prisoners, with all the courtesy of the French officers handing their swords to Nelson, had given their *parole d'honneur*.

But immediately after so doing they had taken up a position upon a low wall that had been the lounging place of the village for generations.

"Now you chaps can go back to your company again," said the little Sergeant turning an amorous eye upon a lady of plump and pleasing charms.

"But we don't want to, thanks," said John, "they don't treat us kindly."

"Knocked off our usual glass of sherry with the soup, only yesterday," said Henry. "Think the old Colonel's appropriated all the remaining cases for the officers' mess, or, perhaps the sergeants' mess have pinched 'em."

"Fearful nuisance, bai jove," John supported him in accents not his own.

"Drop rottin', for goodness sake," said the Sergeant. "I shall be only too pleased to oblige a fellow Territorial——"

"I'm not a Territorial fellow, Percival," this from John.

"I didn't say *that*. What I was going to say that I should be pleased to direct you gentlemen anywhere. We know all the roads and there'll be no muckin' about havin' to——"

"Ask the way at different pubs *en route*?" Henry suggested. "I tell you I'm thinking of chuckin' the Territorial force this year. The sergeants seem to me to be no end demoralisin'. What do *you* say, John?"

"Reg'lar Don Juans, I'm told, specially in this Battalion." He ostentatiously examined the name worked in black cotton lettering on the Sergeant's shoulder.

"'Ope you'll know my regiment next time you see 'em," said the Sergeant, bitterly.

"What I was thinking," pursued the prisoner, "is that it is such a pity they mark your monnikers so plain in these practical sort of days. Why, I'm told that wherever your regiment camp one year, the next year—well—I don't like to be indelicate because my pal here is sensitive. But they do *say*——"

"Say on!" said the Sergeant, grimly. His eye was fixed rather lovingly on the adjacent duck-pond. "Well," said John, "they *do* say that the increase in the birth-rate is something alarming."

"Prisoners or not prisoners, parole or no parole," said the Sergeant, heartily, "both of you will be ducked for that sentiment—and bloomin' quickly, too. You forget that you're bally well out-numbered, young feller-me-lads." An angered buzzing mob surged around the prisoners.

"Well, you please yourself of course," said Henry, "we can afford to wait for our little revenges. . . . You aren't very tall, Sergeant, are you?"

"Can't see what that's got to do with your duckin'," said the Sergeant. "Come on you men! what are you waitin' for?"

"Half a minute. Stop!" cried Henry. "Sergeant just hop on this wall now. It gives you a better view along the road. . . . (No. No larks, I swear.) . . . Now, what do you think is behind that cloud of dust? I'll tell you. It's our boys come to take the village!"

"Why it's the enemy. We shall all be captured!" said the Sergeant in great glee.

"Well, hanged if you aren't a nice lot of blighters!" observed the prisoners, surprised at their evident delight.

"Yes—call us anything you like," said the little Sergeant, happily. "Call us anything."

"And let us beg your pardon, gentlemen," added a Corporal, "for wantin' to chuck into the duck-pond the members of a regiment that has turned out to be our best pals this day."

"You needn't look so struck all of a heap," said the little Sergeant, carefully waxing his moustache. "*We* shall give our parole and stay here. You'll have to go on, you poor devils, fightin' and clamberin' over hedgerows merely to be held up as cases in point in favour of conscription. We——"

The Sergeant laughed, and waved a hand to the cluster of Beauty that still remained near the village green.

"All right, my dears," he called out cheerily. "We'll *all* come round to tea!"

SHADOWING

SIDELIGHTS ON AN IMPORTANT PART OF CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION BY A DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR.

No profession or trade has been dealt with so much by writers of fiction as has that of the detection of crime.

Probably the business of the detective is used so frequently as the setting of stories because it affords an opportunity for an author to set his readers' minds working in an endeavour to anticipate the solution of the problem he evolves before he gives that solution to them.

THE REAL AND THE FICTIONAL.

In real life the detective has as much need for the powers of observation and deduction as Sherlock Holmes, or any other fictional investigator, but in the life of the actual detective there is a good deal of hard work which it never seems necessary for his representative in fiction to undergo.

One of the hardest tasks that the detective has to face is that of shadowing some person whom it is necessary to keep under observation.

To shadow a man may seem a very simple thing. All you have to do, you think, when you first undertake this kind of work, is to keep within a yard of the person to be shadowed, and to go everywhere that he goes. Any such idea must be promptly got out of your head, when it comes to earning your living as a detective. If you followed your quarry as closely as the word "shadowing" suggests, you would very soon put your man on his guard, and, knowing that he was being shadowed, he would probably lead you a most unpleasant dance.

AN EARLY EXPERIENCE.

One of my earliest and least successful experiences was that of following a man, whom my superior told me, I must not let out of my sight at any cost.

My instructor had not allowed sufficiently for my greenness, and I stuck so closely to the suspect that he very quickly discovered that he was being followed.

The first thing he did on being convinced that I was following him was to jump on a 'bus, and to wait on the step sufficiently long to prevent me from getting on also. I made an attempt, but could not push past him, and all I could do was to hail a hansom and follow the 'bus.

He rode right to the 'bus terminus, and the bill that I had to pay for the cab was a very considerable one. Stupidly, I alighted from the cab without due caution, and again he saw me. He went into a public-house, which I happened to know had a door opening out of the saloon bar to a street at the rear. I thought myself very clever to make my way to the second door instead of following him into the bar, but hardly had I reached it when out he came, and spotted me once more.

COINERS.

As a matter of fact, we had good reason to suspect that he was one of a number of people responsible for the circulation of counterfeit florins, and we wanted to discover where these florins were produced, and it was in the hope that he would return to the place of manufacture that I was following him, so that a raid could be made upon it.

Seeing that I was on his track, and that I was not to be shaken off, he spent the rest of the day leading me a terrible dance.

On leaving the bar of which I spoke, he walked briskly towards a hospital for infectious diseases, and, it being visiting time, he was admitted. I showed my police card and followed him. Apparently he did not

mind the risk of infection, but I was more nervous, and the time I spent in that hospital was to me very unpleasant.

After a quarter of an hour's stay he left, made for the railway station, and took train to Earl's Court.

IN A LODGE-HOUSE.

He spent the afternoon at the Exhibition there, I keeping a close watch upon him all the time.

At a quarter past nine he left the exhibition grounds, took train again, alighted at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, and made for a lodging-house.

I decided to sleep there also, and, by a little inquiry, managed to obtain a bed in the same dormitory as himself. There were six beds in it altogether. His was the one to the extreme right, and mine was the second from the left.

A single electric lamp was burning, and the caretaker informed me that it was kept burning all night, so that I had little fear of my quarry escaping from me.

I saw him get into bed, only partly undressed, and I took off my boots and got in also.

I had not been lying down for more than five minutes when suddenly the electric light went out.

AN ACCOMPLICE.

The man in the bed next to mine began to swear, and informed me, and everyone else in the room, that the blank thing kept on flickering like that every blank night.

Presuming that this was only an accident, and that my quarry was not responsible for the turning out of the light, I hesitated a moment. I decided, however, that I had better cross over to the door beside his bed, and when I reached it I discovered that he was gone.

My moment's hesitation had been sufficient to enable him to escape, and I have no doubt that the man who talked about the habitual flickering of the light, was a bird of the same feather, and was simply doing him a turn by deceiving me.

I never put eyes on that particular suspect again, till I saw him in the dock of the Old Bailey, but his being placed there was not in any way due to my shadowing, and, in fact, I was very severely reprimanded for having allowed him to become suspicious, and thus giving him a chance to elude me.

The real art of shadowing lies in keeping your eyes constantly upon the person being shadowed, but in never allowing him to suspect that you are shadowing him.

One frequently reads in detective fiction of ingenious disguises being assumed by the shadower, but such disguises are not of practical use, for false hair can be detected by a child, and certainly by a clever criminal.

The best disguise of all is a very quiet lounge suit, and a very matter-of-fact, complaisant manner.

ADVANTAGES OF THE COMMONPLACE.

If you possess an exterior of this description, you can stand at a street corner, apparently waiting for a car, or simply loitering, without arousing the suspicions of the man whom you are keeping in sight.

Another very good plan is to follow him, not on the same pavement as that on which he is walking, but on the other side of the street, and, if possible, to arrange matters so that one or two people are walking in front of you, and thus concealing you from his observation.

If once you let a man know that you are following him, it is a simple matter for him to dodge you by means of trains, cabs, or public-houses with double doors. The great thing is never to let him think for a moment that anyone is watching his movements.

On the other hand, it is just as essential that you should leave nothing to chance.

LOSING YOUR MAN.

I remember once following a man who had no suspicion that anyone was watching him. He was taking a perfectly straight course, and, relying on his keeping to it, I allowed a number of people—for we were in a crowd—to get between him and me. I pushed my way through them, expecting to find my man walking along in front, but he had vanished.

There were several shops into which he could have gone, and I went into one after the other looking for him, but he was not to be found.

It is just as dangerous to let a suspect out of your sight, as it is to allow yourself to come within his range of observation.

"JUSTITIA."

THE FIRST £20 YOU SAVE.

It is a critical time in a man's life when he is beginning to make money.

He has the hardest test of character to undergo when he first finds himself with £5, £10, £20, that need not be expended immediately on necessities.

All his life, perhaps, until he reached the age of 25, he may have been working for a wage that did not admit of saving, but a rise in position has given him a larger salary and he finds that each week or month he has a sum left over.

The first thing he ought to do is to accustom himself to this "wealth." Let him set his face against the "occasional good time," for this will absorb his savings.

The best thing he can do is to put the money in the bank—the Post-Office Savings Bank for preference—and straightway forget all about it. If he keeps it by him he will fritter much of it away on wasteful luxuries.

There is yet another easy way of losing it. This is by way of giving way to thoughts of "putting it into a business." Now the only businesses into which such money finds its way are those that either ought not to be in want of £20, or cannot be saved by ten times £20.

There are crowds of businesses, so-called, looking out for young men who like the idea of "investing" their savings.

Leave them alone. The little interest that £20 will make in the bank is at least certain, and every successive £20 will be easier to make than the preceding one. Leave your money in a bank for a year, get used to the idea of possessing it, and you will be the better equipped when you bring it out to help you towards success.

CARE OF FERRETS.

THEIR TREATMENT IN WORK AND IDLENESS.

Next to his dog, the ferret is the sportsman's best friend. Though it cannot, like the dog, show its appreciation of kindness, it can procure some good sport for him.

Cleanliness is the secret of success in the keeping of ferrets.

The hutches, which should be weatherproof and free from draughts, should not be less than three feet long, eighteen inches broad, eighteen inches high in front, and a foot at the back.

A small compartment should be partitioned off for a sleeping place, and should contain plenty of good dry litter. Sawdust is about the best bedding procurable. The hutches should be cleaned and disinfected regularly.

Working ferrets require feeding only once a day. The meal should invariably consist of bread and milk, made with boiling milk and stale bread, and given when cool.

A bird, a rat, a duck's neck, fowl's head, or rabbit's liver, should be given once a week as a dainty. Suet, chopped fine, or an egg beaten into a little warm milk, can be given as a change.

If the ferret goes "off colour," throw in a little animal food, taking care that it is well cleaned. See that the ferret does not hoard up food in its bed.

Young ferrets must be fed twice daily with bread and milk and milk-porridge. Some peculiar whistle or call should be used at feeding time. In time they will learn this call and will answer it even when "laying up" in a hole.

Ferrets should have access to plenty of clean water, as they are very thirsty animals. The youngsters should be frequently handled by lifting and stroking, so that later on when working they can be easily picked up.

The male ferrets (called the hobs) should be kept apart from the females (called the jills) until mating. When in young the jills require blood, or, like the rabbit, they will devour their offspring.

The young are born blind and remain so for about a month, during which time they must not be touched or handled. Young ferrets should begin their training at three months.

They should be taken to the burrows with their mother and put into the play-holes, where no rabbits will be found. If still keen they should be put into the short burrows where rabbits are sure to be found.

Now and again let them sight their quarry. If possible, let them kill the first rabbit. This will make them keen.

Work silently and cautiously. Should the "food call" fail to entice a ferret from a hole, try stamping on the ground, give a sharp clap of the hands, or shout suddenly into the burrow. Should the delinquent still "lay up," digging out is the only way to get at it.

When a ferret emerges from a burrow let it come out some distance before picking it up. It should be lifted by the middle finger and thumb just behind the forelegs, and not by the ribs.

Ferrets should only have a good drink of milk on the day they are worked. After having worked for some time give them milk to keep them from wandering for water.

After working, their feet should be washed with turpentine to prevent foot-rot. Keep the toenails short. Skin diseases, rat bites, &c., can be cured by diluted Condy's Fluid.

If troubled with worms, let the ferret fast for twelve hours, then give butter ball containing freshly grated areca nut. An hour or so after this give a few drops of cod liver oil. The day before giving the butter ball and areca nut give a few drops of castor oil.

J. GOUGH CUNNINGHAM.

MY NOTEBOOK.

STILL MORE CLUBS. It is with the keenest pleasure that I have to announce that three more MODERN MAN Clubs are in process of formation.

Mr. B. Pusey, 12, Woodlands Road, Ilford, is organising a club for that district. He suggests that all readers in the neighbouring localities of Seven Kings, Barking, Little Ilford, Manor Park, Wanstead, Goodmayes, and Barkingside should communicate with him.

Mr. R. Boyd, 17, India Street, Belfast, is forming a club there.

Mr. J. Osborne, 26, Woodstock Road, Finsbury Park, is forming a club for the Finsbury Park and Crouch End districts.

Again I urge all readers in the districts mentioned to give every support to those who have taken upon themselves the burden of organising clubs that will be useful to many.

Get into communication with the reader who is organising the club in your district, help him where you can with your advice and experience, make your own rules and run the club on absolutely straight lines, with as small a subscription as possible.

COLOURS. It has frequently been suggested to me that we should have some special colours for THE MODERN MAN League, in the way of ties, mufflers, and so forth.

The difficulty in providing colours has been considerable.

In the first place it would scarcely be possible for us here to start selling ties and other things, because we should, of course, do so without profit, and the time taken in dealing with such matters would be a very severe burden upon my staff, or upon a section of it.

I therefore decided that the supplying of the colours had better be left in the hands of an ordinary tradesman. My difficulty was to find one who would supply them in the best quality and at a sufficiently low price. I have now succeeded in doing so, and I shall have more to say on the subject next week.

BUDGETS. We have several times dealt in this paper with the best way in which a man can spend his weekly salary, whether it be £1, 30s., £2, or more.

In this connection, I have received the following letter from a facetious League member:

"Dear Sir," he says,

"HOW TO LIVE ON 30S. A WEEK.

"I enclose a balance-sheet of my family expenditure, which may convince doubtful readers that it is possible to lead a happy domestic life on 30s. a week.

	s.	d.
Beer	17	0
Wife's beer	2	6
Instalment on "British Encyclopædia"	5	0
Rent (paid next week)	0	0
Grocer and butcher (paid next week)	0	0
Bread	0	4
Missions	1	0
THE MODERN MAN	0	1
A little more beer	2	6
Charity	0	2
Tobacco	0	9
	30	4

"In adding up the total, I find that during the last week I ran into debt to the extent of 4d. That will be easily remedied; next week the wife's beer will be cut down to 2s. 2d.

"B. THRIFTY."

SLACKING. I have received the following letter from an Eccles reader.

It is illuminating with regard to certain aspects of business life.

"I have now been in my new place one month," he says, "and have got settled to my new duties, with the exception of one thing.

"We start at 9 a.m., and closing time is 6 p.m., but very frequently we are there until 7.30 or 8 p.m.

"There is no necessity to stay, if each man would do his duty during the day, but when the boss is not in the office work ceases almost altogether until his return.

"In my old place I had much more work to do than I have here, and always got it done without staying late. There was never any need for the boss to watch me, as I can always work just as well whether he is there or not. I am working on the same principle here, but the rule of the office here is that they all cease work together, and consequently I have to stay because the others are staying, and I have to make my work last as long as I can, when I could easily finish by 6 p.m.

"My opinion is that they stay in order to get the shilling which is allowed for tea to all clerks who are working until 7 o'clock. I do not mind working, if there is plenty of work to do, but I do not consider that the above method of obtaining a shilling is honest.

"I am only a new man, and do not like to say anything about the matter. I should, therefore, be pleased to have your opinion about it."

DIFFERENT OFFICE TONES. This is not the first complaint that I have had from readers concerning the same matter, and I think that this element of slackness which seems to be creeping into office life is lamentable in more ways than one.

It is a good thing that comparatively few British business men follow the Yankee idea of getting on at any cost. Over the water money is the one and only aim, but here we look rather to leading a reasonably pleasant life while we make the money.

There are some, however, to whom immediate pleasure is everything, and who take every opportunity of dropping work unless they have a metaphorical slave-driver, with a long whip, standing beside them.

Such men never get rises, and never make any progress.

I have worked in a good many offices, and I know that a great deal depends upon the office tone. In the majority of London offices I am happy to say, the chief spirit amongst clerks and all other employees is to look after the firm that is supplying them with the bread-and-butter, to save that firm any unnecessary expense, and to do their best in every way to further its interests.

I know offices where new employees are selected very carefully, and where there is no slackness on the part of the employer, each man being judged simply by his work, and being allowed to get through with it according to his own ideas. In such cases if a man is a quick worker, he can make certain of getting off at six o'clock, and very often he can get away a bit earlier, if he specially wants to, by simply stating to his chief that his work is done and that he would like to leave.

In offices of this kind one never finds slackers, and certainly one never finds the type of man who stays late in order to get tea money, which is a stupid and degrading institution at best.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A MAN'S FIRST GAME SHOOT.

SOME HINTS TO THE INEXPERIENCED GUNNER.

The most fruitful cause of shooting accidents is generally the practice, common among inexperienced shots, of what is called "following" game.

If a bird happens to be in front of you, and is not your neighbour's fair prey, fire at it by all means, but if it swerves and, flying low, passes by you at the side do not be led by excitement into turning, following it with your gun and firing. You might possibly be covering half a dozen friends.

Always keep your gun safe from accidentally going off, whenever there is any possibility of your slipping or making a jerky movement. Crossing slippery or miry ground, or clambering over hedges and gates will often bring this about; so that a hammer gun should always be unloaded at such dangerous times.

Never shoot unless you are certain that there is no human being or dog in the place towards which you are aiming. You sometimes hear a man say when an accident has occurred, "I didn't know you were there. I didn't see anybody!"

That is no excuse. He should not have fired in a direction where anybody even *might* have been.

Some sportsmen affirm that when a man is expecting game, he should carry his gun at half-cock; but experts are in the main agreed that this should not be done, as to cock a gun when game is rising is dangerous, and has caused more than one accident in moments of excitement.

A gun at full cock is perfectly safe provided it is not pointed at anybody; and no one but a fool would point a loaded gun in such a way that it might injure anything but his legitimate game.

If a man carries a gun carelessly at half-cock, he will commit the same fault when it is at full cock; whereas in carrying it circumspectly at full cock, he is not likely to do anyone an injury.

Probably, when you take out your first gun, you will be puzzled which eye you are aiming with, until experience has enlightened you. But here is a pretty good rule which should guide you.

Take up a gun and, with both eyes open sight it at a mark some yards away. Then shut the left eye.

If the sighting still remains the same, both your eyes are of equal strength and your aim is correct. But if, on closing the left eye, you observe that the sight inclines to the left, you may be assured that the left eye is the stronger.

In the latter case, it is advisable to close the left eye at the moment of taking aim and firing; but you should open it again immediately; otherwise you may lose birds coming from the left who might have fallen to your second barrel.

But if one of your eyes is as good as the other, you had much better aim and fire with both of them open.

Finally, remember that you are not out only to kill birds, but to kill them properly. To see a bird with its "inside on its outside," to use the very explicit sporting expression, is a sign that it has been killed either by an inexperienced shot or, what is worse, a bad sportsman.

The general rule of thumb is to shoot half a yard or so ahead of a bird flying or of ground game running.

The man who observes these hints will thoroughly enjoy his first game shoot, a time that is sometimes anything but pleasant for the novice at the sport.

G. WESTON.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

"Give me a run for my money," said old miser Pettitheft, getting into a taxi.

Then the bottom fell out, and he had to run all the way.

LAND TAXES AGAIN.

JONES: "I've just had a new verandah put on our house."

BONES: "Pooh, old boy, that's nothing. We've had a mortgage on ours for the last three years."

DULY EXPLAINED.

"A very nice house," said the visitor at the housewarming. "There is, however, one point that you have not seen to. There is no bathroom here."

"Good heavens, man!" cried the astonished host. "I've only taken the house for three years."

POSTPONED.

They had but lately been married, and as they walked up the busy platform, they seemed to live over again the moment when they marched down the church aisle.

Suddenly the guard blew the whistle, and the man rushed to the nearest compartment.

"We can squeeze in here, darling," he cried.

She followed him, but murmured bashfully:

"We could, dear, but don't you think we'd better wait till we get home?"

IN RESERVE.

"Liverpool Street Station, and quick!" ordered the busy man, as he jumped into a hansom in the Strand.

He was as patient as busy men usually are, but by the time they reached Temple Bar all his stock of patience had given out.

"Cabby," he shouted, pushing up the flap, "for goodness' sake get a move on you! I'll miss my infernal train!"

"Can't do nothing with this 'ere horse," said the cabby wearily. "He won't go faster."

"Well, then, hit him," said the busy man.

"I've been hittin' him," said the cabby. "I've hit him everywhere, except on the left ear."

"Well, hit him there," urged the busy man.

"No, sir, no," the cabby protested. "I'm keepin' that for Ludgate Hill!"

SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION.

TYPICAL TALKS IN LONDON STREETS.

HEARD OUTSIDE WHITE'S CLUB. TIME, 1 A.M.

"No, thanks, my dear chap, I won't go on to your place to-night.

"Fact is I'm tired out. Big board meeting on this afternoon in the City, and then I had to rush in an express to Little Puddleboro' and address the electors. I'm standing for the constituency, you know.

"Only got back an hour ago. Now I've got to go home and mug up another speech for next week. Must have the facts at my fingers' ends, you know, what?"

(Street scavenger, *sotto voce*, to his mate: "Blime, 'Erb, these toffs *do* work after all!")

* * *

HEARD IN SLIME ALLEY, ROTHERHITHE.

"Never mind, Mrs. Brigg, don't cry any more. I know 'ow 'ard these rent collectors are myself, an' I'll see yer through this. 'Ow much is it ye want? Fifteen shillin's? Oh—h—h! (A pause. Then, more brightly.) I know! There's my dead man's watch. I've been keepin' it by for my boy Tom when 'e grows up. I can easy pawn it for fifteen bob. What? I mustn't do it? Go on, my dear. I'll get it out again some day! Any'ow, it'll be doin' better work payin' your rent than layin' idle in my box upstairs. No, don't say any more. I'll pop in an' get it for yer."

(Passing curate, soliloquises: "There is no generosity so great as that of the very poor.")

* * *

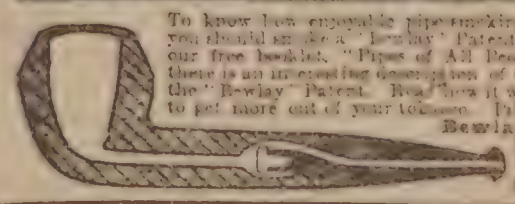
HEARD OUTSIDE THEATRICAL AGENT'S OFFICE IN BEDFORD STREET.

"My *dear* laddie, I am an artiste! When I played last year for forty-five weeks straight off on the Stoss-Moll London Halls, I simply pulverised them! And I've got an offer in my pocket which will bring me in no less than . . . (whispers) Staggers you, eh?

"Aha, laddie, I thought it would! By the way, can you—until Friday—a dollar? No? Well—er—half? *No?* Ha! Ha! Well, then are you strong enough for—tuppence?"

F. GENTER.

A free book for smokers



To know how enjoyable pipe-smoking really can be you should send for a "Bewlay" Patent Pipe. Send for our free booklet, "Pipes of All Peoples" in which there is an interesting description of the principle of the "Bewlay" Patent. Reading it would enable you to get more out of your tobacco. Prices from 2/6.—Bewlay, Importer of Finest Purified Cavendish, Strand 1856. 10 Points.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

DETAILS.

Many small and apparently unimportant details play a large part in the upkeep of general fitness and health.

Bodily cleanliness is more important than any physical exercise yet devised, and attention paid to minor points in this respect will always be found advantageous.

A too-frequent indulgence in baths cannot, of course, be recommended for everyone, but a daily sponge-down should be tried.

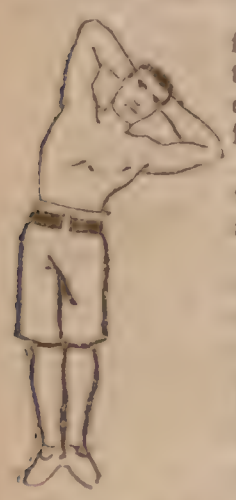
Such details as finger-nails should not be overlooked by the man who would preserve a continuous state of health.

Cut them regularly, and make certain that they are always absolutely clean. This sounds a little like preaching and a little like the exaggeration of small points, but the importance of these details cannot be over-estimated.

Toe-nails, also, should be looked to by the walker, runner, and gymnast—in fact, by anyone who has to use his feet. A soldier will tell you of the importance of well-kept toe-nails when on the march.

A BENDING EXERCISE.

First stand at attention, with the chest thrown well forward and the shoulders thrust back.



The legs must be steady

Raise the arms so that the fingers are able to clasp behind the head. Be sure that the elbows are not allowed to fall forward.

Now slowly bend the trunk to the left; pause, and then bend across to the right.

From the right bend back to the left position, and so continue the movements twelve times.

Variety may be introduced by performing the series with the hands on hips, the arms vertical, or the arms held in a horizontal position.

The lower part of the body must be kept stationary throughout the exercise and must not be allowed to swerve in the opposite direction to that to which the trunk is being inclined.

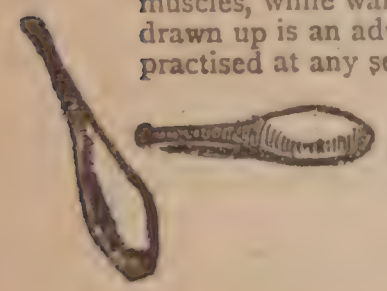
DEVELOPMENT OF THE SHIN MUSCLES.

Often a man will expend a great amount of energy in the development of his calf muscles but, ignoring the small muscles in the front, is surprised to find something lacking in the work of the leg.

The best exercise I know for these muscles is simple, yet effective.

Place the feet a few inches apart and stoop forward as far as possible, making certain that the heels do not rise a half-inch from the ground. If the heels are raised the shin muscles are immediately relieved of the work.

Rowing is a sport especially useful to the shin muscles, while walking on the heels with the toes drawn up is an advantageous exercise that may be practised at any season and in any place.



Weight-lifting with the feet is also a beneficial exercise for the shin muscles

RELAXATION.

Even in cases where the strictest system is employed, the physical culture man is apt, on occasions, to become stale.

When this feeling is experienced it is always advisable to forego the customary exercise for two or three days, at the end of which the muscles will be in a fit condition for the continuance of the exercises.

During the days of relaxation the only exercise taken should be that of ordinary walking and other movements, which cannot, in any event, be neglected.

A brief spell of comparative laziness will tone up the muscles to a degree enabling the most trying of exercises to be done with both ease and pleasure later on.

It is when a man begins to go through his ten minute exercises in a mechanical fashion that the few days' rest is needed, for movements performed in this fashion can seldom bring with them any lasting or even temporary benefits.

FOR ARMS, LEGS, AND THE WRISTS.

Throughout this exercise it is necessary that the head shall be well poised, and that the shoulders shall be kept perfectly straight.

Raising the left leg, grasp the knee with both hands, interlacing the fingers.

Now draw the knee slowly upwards as near the chest as possible.

Repeat the exercise with the right leg, and proceed, alternately, for twelve movements.

It is necessary to keep the unbent leg in a steady position, for a wavering movement will spoil many of the good effects otherwise to be derived from practice of the exercise.

Keep the shoulders level.

The muscles of the arms, wrists, and legs are strengthened by the movements, and the exercise is also of considerable value to the fingers.

The uplifted leg should be drawn slightly backwards; the sketch shows the desired position.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND CLOTHES.

There is a false idea, prevalent in some circles, that a strong man does not look well in stylish clothes. This is entirely erroneous, for a man of good muscular build can carry off a well-cut suit with far more ease than a weakly person, although this latter class are more apt to pay special attention to the outer man. (This with all due respect to Captain Saunders and his readers, who are not, of course, here referred to.)

I shall never advise a physical-culture man to neglect the question of clothes; it cannot be denied that there is something ungainly in the walk of a huge, muscular person in ill-fitting sack-like garments.

Wear good clothes—stylish but not foppish—and they will brace you up. A man in a new suit holds his head up and throws his shoulders back instinctively showing the clothes to the best possible advantage.

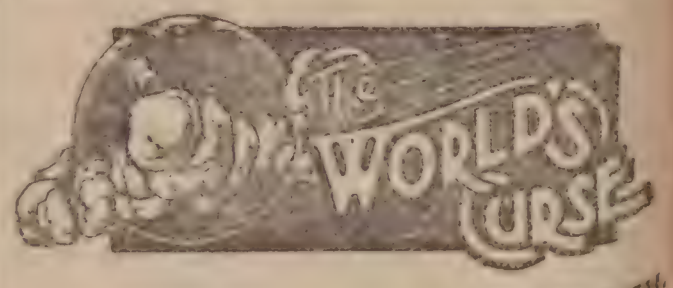
It is not my intention to discuss the style of clothing the physical-culture man should adopt. Prevailing fashion is of little importance so long as there is a generally smart appearance about the cut, the material, and, most important of all, the man who is wearing the clothes.

Trimness need never be confused with foppishness. The two are widely separated. The fop is invariably a soft sort of person, but it does not necessarily follow that the man who is the opposite of being weak need go to the other extreme as regards dress.

Even in the matter of linen—collars, for instance—the healthy and strong man is usually distinguishable.

The fop I have been speaking about wears a clean collar, too, but with the greasy neck-band is usually associated the sneaky kind of person, far worse than the clothes faddist.

Finally, one's linen has a great deal to do with cleanliness, which, as I point out in another paragraph, is the keynote of good health.



is undoubtedly **BAD HEALTH.**

Sedentary workers, ninety-nine out of every hundred, suffer from nervous troubles of one description or another.

There is only one remedy, and that is understanding **PHYSICAL CULTURE.** The up-to-date business man has to think quickly and act quickly. All this makes a great demand on his **NERVOUS FORCE.**

THOUGHT AND ACTION

are sometimes worse than useless. One is the foundation of the other. Loose thinking means jerry-building; patchwork; penny wise and pound waste. My system of Cure and Prevention is founded on the rock of broad principles and wide practice.

IF you have tried this and that, failed at both, and now feel loth to take the word of anyone, **there must be reasons.** I have studied those reasons and now I claim to have built up a system that will in the turn re-build the weak body and nurse it to a state of lively health.

TO THE ATHLETE I guarantee greater endurance and a better quality and quantity of muscle than can be got out of laborious systems in three times the time.

TO THE TIRED WORKER and **SUFFERER** from long-standing ailments I guarantee health and vigour with the least tax on time and purse. Thousands have thanked me. I have cured all sorts of physical ills.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to give yourself and my system a chance.

Drop a postcard **now,** and my free books—

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and

"INCH SYSTEM UP-TO-DATE"—

will reach you post-free the same or next day.

T. INCH, PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

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The Sportsman.

A SKETCH.

Whenever you mention his favourite hobby to Dicky Davis, you perceive clearly enough that you have before you an enthusiast.

Whenever you see Dicky Davis walking his whippets, he has a walk on him as proud as a young man out with the prettiest girl in all the County of Durham.

He will grab you by the sleeve if he catches your eye wandering in their direction. He will tell you in broadest North-country that they are the stuff, the sort that are making them "sit-oop" at all the whippet racing meetings.

I have seen Dicky at those meetings.

No dogs go straighter to the rag than Dicky's champions, and you cannot get a big price to your half-crown about anything that is down on the programme under Mr. R. Davis's name.

They fear him. The local bookmakers are less frightened of Lord Derby at Liverpool, of Mr. Hibbert at Leicester, of Lord Rosebery at Epsom, than of Mr. Dicky Davis on his own little "pot-hunting grounds."

Everyone will tell you he is a good sportsman, paying without wrangling when he loses. And unlike some of the less broad-minded he does not snarl when a little outsider tumbles home.

He does not ask what she has been treated to in the way of buckets of water and heavy dinners just before her previous races.

And he has never been known to be anything but the soul of kindness to his grand little whippets. You could eat the proverbial bread-and-butter off the floor of their shed, while on race days he has the very best brandy and egg-and-milk for his pets.

Now, it happened that I wanted to buy one of his little gems from him. I inquired his address.

I knocked at the door and awaited for someone to appear, expecting to see a neat and tidy wife with merry-eyed children clinging around her spotless apron. . . . Yet the ill-kept door-furnishings might have warned me.

I saw vague faces peering at me through the front room window, and from behind the door that opened into the street came whisperings.

The trouble I gathered, by means of the half-open letter box, was a certain indecision as to whether I was a "gentleman" or the man who came for the rent, or the County Court bailiff.

A thin woman ill-clad, and wearing an expression that told its own story of a struggle against poverty opened the door.

I begged her pardon ere she spoke. I had come to the wrong house, of course. This was not Mr. Davis's?

She asked me cautiously what I wanted to see this Mr. Davis for?

I told her.

She sighed. Oh, about his dogs? Yes, this was Mr. Davis's house.

"I'm Mrs. Davis," she said, tritely. "My man'll be home now," she added, and looked at a tin alarm clock that was clicking away on the dingy mantelpiece inside the room.

I gathered that he always came home as early as possible to tea, so that he could spend as much spare time as he had with his dogs.

"I'm going to make him an offer for his best one," I said.

She did not speak for a moment. I felt that she, too, might be fond of the dogs.

"But I won't," I added, "if you like that particular one."

"Like?" she said. She shrugged her ill-clad shoulders, and indicated her wretchedly furnished room.

"I wish to God," she said, bitterly, "as you'd take all his dogs. My man has forgot as there's home, wife, and children, as well as them!"

R. H. CLEMENTS.

GETTING TO THE OFFICE.

The difficulties which confront the suburban City-worker seem to increase with modern "improvements."

His journey is impeded rather than facilitated, and if he is one of those unfortunate individuals who are entirely dependent upon an electric tram service—whether in London or elsewhere—then his lot is a most unhappy one unless, of course, his employer is placed in a similar predicament.

Little better is the motor-'bus which, never stopping for you to mount or dismount, has a knack of getting mixed up in any traffic complication which happens to arise.

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HEADING HINTS

By ARTHUR COLLINS, Captain of the Fulham F.C.

There is probably no game being played which has undergone such marked changes of recent years as first-class Association football.

The rushing, hard-charging, long-passing footballer of twenty years or more ago would be quite out of his element if he were called upon to take part in a game contested by two modern crack elevens. There would be all sorts of little points of finesse, no end of cunning little concerted movements, all performed in understanding silence by the other men, which would puzzle him completely. In short, he would be practically a "passenger."

One of the foremost departments of football which can be described as essentially modern is the art of heading the ball, and in view of the great part which this art plays in every game nowadays, I purpose devoting this article to as concise an explanation as possible of the various ways of using one's head.

HOW THE FORWARD HEADS.

First of all, there are three lines in a football team who have to head the ball, the forwards, the halves, and the backs. Each line heads it more or less differently, in the same way as they are called upon, by their own particular form of work, to kick it differently.

Take the forward's method of heading the ball. He heads as he passes, generally short distances, and only in the minority of cases, very far. In the forward game, the head is used where the ball is fairly high in the air, and no time is available in which to let it drop to the ground and pass it with the foot.

Thus the forward jerks it, as it were, deftly with a quick motion of the head, in the desired direction. The motive power is nearly always provided by the neck and shoulders.

HIGH HEAD-PASSING.

He has no time to jump up at it as the back does. Probably an opponent is bearing down on him, and he desires to be as firm as possible on his feet. For this reason again he does not jump.

He simply shoots his head and shoulders upwards—as easily as possible—at the moving ball, and sends it—generally sideways—to the member of his own side who is nearest to him.

Needless to say, a considerable judgment is called for in heading the ball. An opponent may be, and probably is, between you and the man to whom you wish to send the leather, so you must take care that he does not intercept it with his head.

Thus a pass from one forward to another should always be made fairly high. It should be so carefully judged as to be well out of reach of any opponent and to drop nicely at your colleague's head or feet as the case may be—for preference the latter, unless he, too, is very hard pressed.

DANGERS OF HEADWORK.

Here is a great hint to any ambitious footballer who has not previously done much heading.

Always be prepared for the required movement, if possible, a moment or two beforehand, so that your body may be in the best possible position. The reason for this is that the movement is essentially a jerky one, and if performed absolutely on the spur of the moment by a not too-experienced player, is liable to result in a rather nasty "crick" in the neck. I have seen more than one enthusiastic amateur give himself a more or less serious temporary injury in this way.

Perhaps the chief of the forward's reasons for heading is to score goals thereby. Many matches are played every year in which all the

goals are scored off players' heads. A quick jab at the ball with the forehead will often surprise a goalkeeper who is expecting you to put in a shot with your foot.

THE HALF-BACK AND HIS METHODS.

The half-back's system of heading differs from that of the forward in that he heads in most cases just a little further. The ball generally comes to him from a greater distance at a greater momentum, and he makes use of this to head it out to the nearest of his wing forwards, or to drop it neatly at the feet of the waiting centre.

Therefore, the half-back must be stronger with his head work, and, if anything, slightly more tricky.

For instance, in an emergency, a half-back will not infrequently "back head" the ball to one of his own backs who is in a better position to place it advantageously among the forwards.

"BACK-HEADING."

To head the ball backwards is a thing the forward is hardly ever called upon to do, so that the half must be a better all-round worker with his head.

Coming to the backs we find their headwork purely defensive.

They use their foreheads to send away the ball when they are unable to boot it away; thus their head shots must be very powerful. The back, therefore, gets as much body impetus behind the shot as possible. He jumps up at it strongly, and makes all the use he can of his feet. Whereas the forward, as we have said, hardly ever jumps, the back never loses an opportunity of doing so.

Heading should be given a prominent place in the practice of every team. The players should take turns in throwing or kicking the ball from one to the other, attempting always to play it with the head. A forward line that can send the ball from one wing to the other entirely off the players' heads will win more games than it will lose.

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WASTED HOSPITALITY.

Mr. William Short, the King's Trumpeter, has a story to tell of a Christmas Eve.

It was a snowy night, and when he heard a band playing outside his door his hospitable instincts were aroused. Throwing up the window, he asked how many of them there were, and was told seventeen.

Forthwith he prepared seventeen stiff tumblers of toddy, sallied to the door, and invited the shivering players to come and help themselves. But, alas! it was a Prize Temperance Band, and even Christmas could not induce them to forsake their principles.

ARE YOU OVER SIX FEET?

When a young man shoots up like a cornstalk and reaches a height of six feet and over in the course of a couple of years' development, he is apt to become not a little alarmed as to his general health.

We often hear of a man "outgrowing his strength," and this takes place when natural growth turns to extremes in one direction.

The man who has shot up in this way should take great care of himself. He should not expect to be able to stand as much physical strain as he did when he was 5ft. 8in. and sturdy in proportion. He need not be uneasy if he finds he has less enduring power.

The fact is that he should cut down his physical training to a minimum for a time and take only normal exercise. Let him build up his body slowly until he has acquired more stamina.

Then he can set to work to bring his chest development into proportion with his height, and generally to expand in breadth.

THE FORGOTTEN HANDKERCHIEF.

You are half a mile from home one morning, and within sight of the station. The signal is down for the 9.5 train—your train as you call it with the air of a railway proprietor!

From sheer and oft-repeated habit your hand goes to the breast pocket, and lo! horror of horrors! It is empty.

No handkerchief!

From that moment you have the most objectionable cold, and the journey to town is, for you, punctuated by a series of sniffs which make you most uncomfortable, and call the unfavourable attention of your fellow-travellers upon you.

And you rush to the first shop and "buy something cheap and stiff and scratchy, just to carry you through the day" you say.

If you would avoid this catastrophe, make sure, every Monday morning that there are two handkerchiefs about you. It is easily done. Just put a second one in the bottom of your pocket and forget it. The time may come when it will save you an hour's misery.

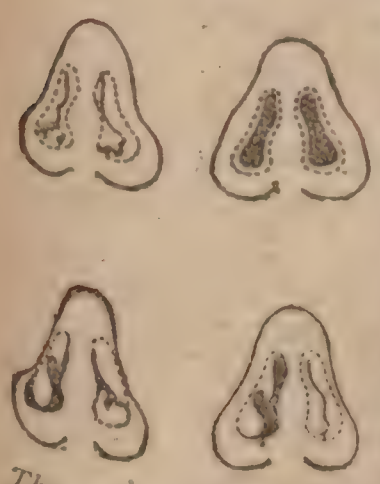
If ever you have to use it the very fact will sufficiently impress itself on your mind to cause you to renew the supply on reaching home.

FREE TO ALL WHO WISH TO CURE CATARRH AND NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.

Send (or Call) for this Gift Book by Patient and his Doctor, who Jointly discovered a Remarkable Cure which Reopens Nasal Air Passages and banishes Catarrhal Conditions of Nose, Head, Ear, Throat, Tongue, Tonsils, Breath, and Bronchial Tubes, and Greatly Strengthens the Chest and Lungs.

NO OPERATIONS—NO CAUTERISING—NO SPRAYS—NEW CURE AUTOMATICALLY CURES DURING SLEEP.

IT is the hearty desire of the discoverers of the new cure that all who suffer from the above complaints should write (or call) for a gratis copy of the book they have just published under the title of "Respiratory Re-Education: The Physiological Cure for Catarrh, Adenoids, and Other Nose-Breathing Difficulties."



The book contains many illustrations showing how the nasal air-passages are affected in Catarrh, Adenoids, and Nose-Breathing Difficulties.

The book advocates in a most plain-spoken manner a truly common-sense method of cure of a class of complaint which has hitherto defied all other forms of treatment.

The nature of the book (which is being published *free* to the public) may be seen by a glance at the accompanying displayed list of contents.

The cure is remarkable inasmuch as it calls for no sprays or injections—no powders to be snuffed—no operations—and no painful cauterising (burning) of the inflamed mucous membrane.

The new cure is further remarkable as *it cures automatically during sleep.* Every reader afflicted with catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to do the work *as well as it can.*

As a result of this *extra* duty of the mouth, the breathing becomes inefficient and shallow, and frequent head and chest colds are "caught" because of the improper reception of the cold air. (The nose, of course, is intended to (1) warm as well as (2) filter and (3) moisten the intaken air.) The nasal air-passages by disuse become more and more obstructed, causing Adenoids and Polypi, which, in the past, have generally had to be operated upon by the surgeon.

The falling back down the throat, or on to the back of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy, mucous matter causes offensive breath and a bad taste in the mouth.

The hearing generally becomes affected, the head feels hot, and the eyes dry, with reactionary spells of acrid watery discharge from eyes and nose, especially in foggy weather.

The senses of smell and taste become seriously impaired.

Even the mouth breathing is handicapped by the accumulation of catarrhal matter in the bronchial tubes and lungs.

This catarrhal matter affords a fine culture, or breeding ground, for the Influenza germ. Catarrh invites Influenza. The Catarrh-free, and those who breathe properly through their noses, do not cultivate the Influenza germ.

Further, the pent-up catarrhal slime often gets into the stomach and the liver and kidneys, seriously interfering with their functional ability, and frequently giving rise to Catarrh of the Stomach.

The joint authors of the discovery,—as the result of a fruitless quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "the First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory functions.

The layman it was who made the first enlightening discovery. Being a singer, he discovered HOW the nose could be freed.

Lennox Browne, F.R.S.E., Senior Surgeon to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, etc., says:—

"Opinion is each day becoming more indisputable that in the condition of the nasal fossæ, which constitute the first avenues of the natural breathway, is to be found the key to the right understanding and successful treatment of the majority of faucial, pharyngeal, and laryngeal diseases."

Upon this first step discovery has been built an anatomical-physiological cure, the details of which are given fully (and illustrated) in the book which can be obtained by sending a penny stamp for its postage, or by calling.

CONTENTS OF FREE BOOK:

How the Cure was Discovered.
Why Snuffs and Sprays can do No Good.
The Most Neglected Part of the Body.
Special Advice and Warning.
Illustration of an Operation for Removal of Post Nasal Growths.
A Most Remarkable Test (Illus.).
What is Catarrh?
Illustrations of Examples of Nasal Obstruction and Inefficiency.
What Catarrh Leads to.
The Physiological Process of Cure.
Illustration of Why Sprays Cannot Cure Catarrh.
How to Cure Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulties.
The Nose and Catarrh.
The Ears and Catarrh.
The Throat and Catarrh.
The Mouth and Catarrh.
The Lungs and Catarrh.
How to Cure Snoring.
Colds in the Head and Eyes.
Voice Troubles.

Immediately the method of cure described by the book is applied, there is striking evidence of its curative powers. It is, as one man put it, like coming into the fresh air out of a stiflingly close atmosphere.

The new cure quickly relieves, and in Nature's good time cures, because it increases the individual's air supply. First, it reopens and expands the partly-closed air passages and cavities. Thus it prepares the way for the intake of the larger supply of air absolutely necessary to Catarrh freedom. Thus your breathing function is perfected; thus, too, does the 10 to 40 per cent. enlarged air capacity of your body insure the elimination of the catarrhal secretions. Thus, too, by the reopening of the air passages are unnatural growths made to disappear.

And it is this greatly increased inflow of fresh and properly filtered, warmed, and moistened air that is so powerful to cure Catarrh, Adenoids, and other Nose Breaking Difficulties. Inflowing with all the 15lb to the square-inch pressure of the outside atmosphere, the closed-in because more or less disused—nasal air passages and cavities expand to their natural size and air-supplying capacity. The fresh air is in itself powerfully Anti-Catarrhal in effect.

Undoubtedly a most powerful factor in the success of the new cure is the fact that it may be employed *during the whole of the night* without discomfort or any inconvenience. This all-night period of treatment contrasts strongly with the mere two or three minutes of treatment with the now obsolete spraying methods.

The success of the new treatment is immediately obvious to all who try it.

In one night the Nose, Ears, Tongue, and Throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear, the mouth and throat clean and sweet, and the taste and smell become as keen as ever.

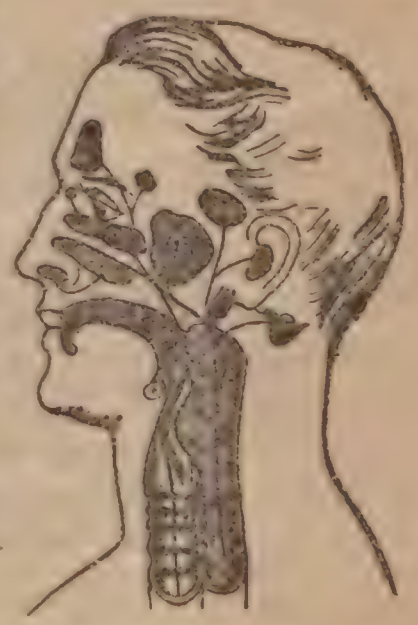


Illustration from Free Book showing Catarrh Centres of Head.

The book explanatory of the new cure contains some most remarkable illustrations, which help to make strikingly clear the common-sense principle upon which the new cure is founded, and which cure, be it noted, is by all who have looked into the matter expected to vastly decrease the number of painful and costly operations hitherto considered to afford the only chance of cure of nasal obstructions and inflamed membrane.

In the book is explained how to stop:—

NASTY DROPPING IN THE THROAT
HEAD STUFFINESS
NOSE STUFFINESS
THROAT DRYNESS
LOSS OF SMELL
SPITTING OF THICK PHLEGM
DISCHARGE FROM NOSE
LOSS OF TASTE, OR OFFENSIVE TASTE IN MOUTH
CATARRHAL (Coated) TONGUE
CATARRHAL DEAFNESS
GURGLING IN EARS
SNAPPING NOISE IN EARS
BAD BREATH
VOICE TROUBLES
PHYSICAL AND MENTAL DULLNESS ARISING FROM RESPIRATORY INEFFICIENCY

The aim of the compilers of the book has been to thoroughly inform sufferers as to the cause and method of cure of their complaint. All who study the book will readily agree with this. As will be seen in the book, the method of the new cure is as delightfully simple as it is effective in its results.

An edition of 100,000 copies of the book has been published for free distribution, and all who wish to quickly cure Catarrh, Adenoids, or other Nose Breathing Trouble should send (or call) for a copy. A penny stamp should be sent to defray postage. The address from which the free copies of the book may be obtained is—

The Rhycol Publishers,

80, Rhycol Buildings,

130, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

FOLLOWING THE TIMES.

One of the saddest things I know in commerce is the collapse of an old firm.

I could mention many such cases in the City of London, and the failure of such firms is the more regrettable, because they had behind them a certain amount of tradition for supplying good stuff.

Generally the disaster is due to their not following the times.

The man who built up the business made a success of it, and his son continued that success. Then comes the grandson, who has probably had a public-school education, and who has learned to regard trade not as the business of life but merely as a convenient means for supplying the money necessary for pleasure.

He has no idea of commerce or of commercial adaptability. He has, however, a certain amount of respect for his firm and its traditions, and he thinks that he is honouring these traditions by following them slavishly in every way. What was good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him. And so the business falls.

To give one illustration. I have in mind a certain business in the City of London, which was run successfully for many years, and which made fortunes for several people as a high-class saddlery, trunk, and portmanteau shop. Times change. The wealthy patrons who once bought such goods at that shop, now went further West for similar purchases, and the trade dwindled down to very near vanishing point.

When the business was on the point of collapsing, the hereditary owner sold it for a comparatively small sum to one of the most brilliant men at present in the retail trade.

The first thing that the latter did was to add "side-lines."

He kept in the windows the same class of high-priced saddlery and portmanteaus, but added various attractive and very cheap handbags for ladies, purses, braces, and so forth.

On all his accounts, receipt forms, and stationery, he emphasised the fact that the firm had been established for one hundred and fifty years, and he saw to it that the windows of the shop kept up that reputation.

There were still expensive things exhibited, such as had been bought by the customers fifty years before, but there were also cheaper and more saleable "side-lines," which were rapidly bought by the customers of to-day, and it was these "side-lines" which kept the shop going.

Since then he has developed the business on the same lines. He still keeps everything high-class, and various expensive articles are exhibited to keep up this idea, but the money he takes comes from those who buy the cheaper "side-lines," and who, in most cases, buy them because they feel that a firm of such standing must necessarily be a reliable one.

I mention this simply to show the necessity for following the times, and for adapting one's business to the present requirements of possible customers, instead of following slavishly upon tradition.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

MEXICANS.

Readers of this column who are interested in Mexican Railway Stocks need not be nervous over the slight set-back in prices which has taken place since the meeting, as the railway is doing exceedingly well, and, notwithstanding the "washout" on the line during October, a 2 per cent. dividend on the Common Stock for the current half-year is almost assured.

National Railways of Mexico Second Preferred Shares keep steady round about $37, despite the slump in Yankees—and no wonder, considering that these shares have been bought lately in large quantities by some of the best financial houses in London.

RUBBER.

Rubber still continues to improve in price, and no doubt the raw article will go higher in the near future; but, whether it goes higher or lower, shares of sound, well-managed producing companies at about par are, in my opinion, the best investment I have seen for many years on the Stock Exchange.

The shares of companies now standing at a high premium will rise and fall with the price of Rubber—not so those without premium. Of course one must be careful not to invest in swindles—and there are a great number that an expert would include in this category in the list of existing rubber companies.

Given suitable soil and climate for the growing of rubber trees, cheap and plentiful labour and good management, nothing can prevent increasing dividends year after year, and consequent appreciation in the price of the shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N. (Ballyclare).—Have nothing to do with the firm you mention. I strongly dissuade you from speculation at all; buy only what you can pay for. There is not the slightest chance of Erie Common rising twenty points within the next three months.

H. M. T. (Yarmouth).—I have investigated the firm you mention and cannot advise investment in that quarter. They are doubtful.

"NEW READER" (Aberdeen).—Both securities you mention are quite sound, and the interest is sure to be paid regularly, although the prices are high and consequently the return will be small. Please give your name and address in future—not for publication.

J. N. (Belfast).—You must pay for the rubber shares you mention—no use attempting to carry them over in the market.

A. B. (York).—The Birkbeck Bank is perfectly sound. Very few banks could have withstood the two runs which have occurred to this institution as they have done.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

TOBOGGANING TIPS.

At this season of the year we will, if we have anything like ordinary luck, enjoy a short spell of frost and snow; and probably a great many who live in hilly districts will go in for tobogganing.

This is a sport which, almost above all others, calls for quick brain work, and in a lesser degree the qualities of pluck, nerve, and quickness of eye.

In negotiating a descent when the snow is "soft," *i.e.*, hardly frozen, the tobogganer will find that the grooves with which the rear part of most toboggans are furnished will impede his course to a certain extent.

A good hint in such conditions is to sit far back so as to get weight and impetus behind.

In the same way, you will be able more easily to jerk or swing the forward portion of the toboggan for steering purposes. This, however, is a fairly difficult performance, for one is very liable to overbalance, but when attempting it, the chief point to remember is that in shifting your position you should distribute your weight with caution, in the same way as if you were changing seats in a rowing boat.

THE GUNNER AND HIS SHELLS.

Common shell, shrapnel, and case-shot are the death-dealing missiles of the horse and field artilleryman.

The inside of common shell is filled with a bursting charge of gunpowder. As a rule, common shell is made to burst on percussion, that is, on striking an object, though it may be fixed with a time fuse and made to explode in the air.

Its weak point is that, fired with a percussion fuse, it will not burst if it falls on soft ground.

The outer casing of shrapnel is thin, and the inside is packed with bullets. Though it may be made to explode on impact, it is fired as a rule with a time fuse, which causes it to explode in the air at any point desired. On bursting, the bullets spread forward in a cone, the angle of descent varying with the range.

Thus at a short range the bullets would cover a wide area, which decreases as the range increases.

Shrapnel is *the* man-killing shell. It is used against troops behind earthworks.

Case-shot is the gunner's last resort. It is just a canister filled with loose bullets, and when fired bursts at the muzzle of the gun, and has a range of about 300 yards. It is used, therefore, when artillery are charged by cavalry or taken by surprise at close quarters. Shrapnel can be converted into "case" by setting the time fuse at zero and firing the shell reversed.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY CAUGHT NAPPING

By ADAM STERN.

The gaily be-ribboned and be-flagged motor-car drew up outside the Bridge Street committee rooms, and the Conservative candidate for Moulden sprang lightly out.

"Coming inside, Vi?" he asked his sister, who, with sparkling eyes and cheeks flushed by the cold, sat half hidden in furs, her hands buried in a great sable muff.

"Are you?" she asked her father beside her. "I'm all right here, I like to watch the people. Yes," she added decisively, "I'm *sure* you want a glass of wine. Go along in with Arthur."

"I think I will," said Mr. Lyons, alighting and following his son.

Violet Lyons, alone in the car except for the chauffeur, smiled a tiny smile of gratification at the fact. She had seen Richard Selby approaching, and wanted a few minutes with him undisturbed.

He came up, raised his hat, and took her hand.

"Are you aware," she said, about three seconds later, "that you haven't said a word yet and that you are hurting my fingers?"

Richard released her hand, but did not apologise.

"It's so splendid to see you," he said.

"Ssh!" she warned, with a flickering glance chauffeurwards.

"I was thinking of you. I was wanting to see you—desperately."

"What about?"

"Nothing. No reason. It is quite possible to want you desperately without knowing a reason. But if I hadn't seen you just now——"

"It would have been awful, wouldn't it? Poor Dick! Now, that is quite enough nonsense, and listen to me for a minute. I'm seriously cross with you. Why aren't you helping Arthur?"

The tense expression in Richard's eyes gave place to a gleam of amusement.

"Who says I'm not?" he returned.

"Arthur himself. Everybody. Particularly Mr. Shenstone—the agent, you know—who becomes more and more doleful every day. Only in private, of course. Publicly he is the embodiment of optimism. I've had a fear several times that his cheeks would crack when he straightened the smile out of them. But—*will* you be serious and not laugh at me!"

"I'm not laughing," said Richard.

"Your eyes are. What I am trying to tell you is that Mr. Shenstone is positive Arthur will be defeated unless you give him your support. He says one half the electors ask him which side you are on, and as he cannot truthfully answer them——"

"Does he insist on being truthful, then?"

She laughed. "He wouldn't do for an electioneering agent if he did, would he? But on this point he is obeying orders. Arthur declares that you are neutral, and insists that no one connected with us shall contradict the fact. That is foolish of him, isn't it?"

"It is scrupulous."

"*Foolish*, I said; but what mystifies me is that Arthur doesn't seem to mind. Can you tell me why that is?"

She leaned towards him a little, and Richard met her gaze with an expression of innocence.

"I suppose," he answered, "he considers me not worth bothering about. If I'm neutral, it's at least an assurance that I sha'n't vote for the other side. After all, I have only one vote."

"You can influence, according to Mr. Shenstone, *hundreds*, and make the difference between Arthur holding his seat and losing it. And you say you're neutral! And Arthur is one of your best friends!"

"So he is," agreed Richard, unmoved.

"He is also my brother," she reminded him.

"Would you have me sacrifice my opinions—my principles, because of that?" demanded Richard sternly.

"Of course," she replied, without hesitation. "Well, I wouldn't, then."

"Yes, you would," she contradicted.

"I wouldn't."

"You would sacrifice ——" she put her face close to his to say it; "you would sacrifice *everything* if I asked it."

Before he could answer, she was upright again, demurely triumphant. "But I'm not going to ask," she said.

Richard stepped back a pace.

"I'm awfully busy—if you'll excuse me," he said.

"Must you go?"

"Yes."

"Weren't you intending to pop in and see Arthur? He is inside with dad."

"No, I can't stay."

"Nor Mr. Shenstone, who has gathered such a *flattering* idea of your importance?"

"No."

"But you *will* vote for Arthur, won't you? . . . *Please*."

The beseeching tone was subtly mocking.

"Good-morning," said Richard.

"Dick!"

"Yes." After a smiling pause he returned to her.

"Do you really believe," she said very sweetly; "that I am deceived? You humbug! You pair of shameless pretenders! Yes, I mean Arthur as well. You are both up to something. I've known it all along. Now tell me what it is at once."

But Richard parleyed.

"Having guessed so much," he began, "you can surely ——"

"Tell me!" she commanded. "If you don't, you'll be sorry."

"What shall you do?"

She considered. "I shall kiss," she announced finally; "every vacillating voter in the constituency."

"Arthur would certainly win the election if you did. But I capitulate." Richard laughed and drew closer.

"To-morrow," he said, "is polling day, and to-night Arthur makes his big clinching speech at the Town Hall. I am going to speak, too, on his behalf, after him. Does that satisfy you?"

"But why all this dark deception?"

"Because I don't want those who may decide to follow my lead to have time to alter their minds. You have no idea what a potent persuader beer can be, tactfully supplied! Here's Arthur, I see."

He turned, to find his hand suddenly grasped and pumped up and down by Mr. Shenstone, a hearty-voiced, energetic, rubicund-visaged gentleman of forty or so.

"My dear Mr. Selby," he exclaimed, "very good of you! Very good of you indeed! You make victory certain. I am immensely relieved. Your popularity is wonderful—simply wonderful! On every hand——"

"Yes," said Richard; "we can take all that for granted."

He seemed anxious, all at once, to get away.

"What time do proceedings begin to-night, Arthur?" he asked.

"Half-past seven."

"You'll start to speak about eight o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Very well, you'll take an hour, I suppose. I'll turn up at a quarter to nine."

"But, Mr. Selby," protested Shenstone, "we should very much like you to be present on the platform the whole of the time. I assure you everybody will be eagerly looking forward to hear your views."

"I've got a breakdown of forges at my works," Richard curtly interrupted, "and a quarter to nine is the earliest time I can manage. Good-morning."

He raised his hat, caught a surprised look on Violet's face at his abrupt manner, and strode away.

"Well, I must say," complained Mr. Shenstone in an injured voice, "he doesn't err on the side of politeness. But I have often noticed that men with some popularity——"

"I think," Violet's voice broke in, sweetly, "I think Mr. Selby rather objects to being fussed. Don't you agree with me, Arthur?"

Later on she remembered the peculiarly tense expression in his eyes when he had first spoken to her, and wondered at its cause. She wished she had asked him about it.

* * * * * * *

In an ante-room of the Town Hall, at five minutes past nine that night, anxiety and confusion reigned.

Richard Selby had not arrived yet.

The packed audience in the hall were revealing momently an increasing determination to listen to no one else.

They had been informed by the chairman that "our universally esteemed townsman, Mr. Richard Selby," would make a brief speech, following on the chief speech of the evening, that by the candidate, Mr. Arthur Lyons.

Unfortunately differences of opinion existed as to which constituted the chief speech of the evening.

Up to a certain point Arthur Lyons commanded interest, if he failed to arouse much enthusiasm.

His arguments were concise, his delivery crisp and free from hesitation; he had an undoubted gift for choosing the right word. But he lacked magnetism. His personality had not that challenging, combative forcefulness of Richard's.

At half-past eight he was being heckled and interrupted on all sides.

At nine it looked as though the meeting

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would break up amid uproar, if Richard did not appear.

Arthur Lyons stood his ground, spinning out his speech with ease, smiling patiently every time he could not make himself heard.

In the ante-room Ainsworth, editor of the "Moulden News," suddenly resolved that he must go and find Richard himself.

He hastened to the Selby works, with several other men in train, and, finding the offices empty, plunged into the lighted forge.

"Where's Mr. Selby?" he shouted. "Not here? Then what time did he go?"

It seemed that Richard had departed soon after eight, leaving various instructions regarding work which had immediately to be done, and promising to return as soon as possible.

"To return?" echoed Ainsworth. "What for?"

"We're workin' night-shift."

"Oh, I see. Well, where is he now? Don't any of you know—don't you know where he went to? Come, look alive!"

The answer was that Richard did not usually acquaint his workmen with his outside plans.

"Is Mr. Graill about?"

No. Mr. Graill was at home, laid up with influenza.

"Mebbe," suggested one, "yo'll find 'im at 'The Hare and Hounds.' It's as likely a place as any."

"As likely a place!" snapped Ainsworth. "Richard Selby bar-lounging when he's expected elsewhere!"

But "The Hare and Hounds" was close at hand, and no harm would be done by inquiring. Mark Gem, the landlord, and Richard were old friends.

He hurried thither, accompanied by the others who had followed from the hall, and in the saloon-bar found Mark.

"Have I seen Dick?" said Mark. "I did—not much more'n half-an-hour ago. He's stoppin' 'ere just now, and came in to change 'is clothes. I passed 'im in the passage. Said 'e 'adn't time to 'ave a 'drink, as 'e was due at the meetin' at a quarter to nine."

"Well, where in the name of goodness has he hidden himself?" groaned Ainsworth. "You saw him go out, I suppose?"

"No, I've bin in 'ere ever since."

"Where's his bedroom? Perhaps he hasn't finished sprucing himself up."

"I should say 'e *has*," announced Mark, scornfully. "He ain't no dandy, Dick ain't; got someat more important to think about. But I'll tek yer upstairs if yer like."

They reached the closed door of the room, and Mark knocked.

Receiving no answer he led the way in.

"Struth!" he cried the next moment.

Richard was lying half across the bed, in his shirt sleeves.

"What's this?" said Ainsworth sharply. "Foul play?"

He sprang forward, but Mark had forestalled him.

The little ex-pugilist turned Richard over and then burst into a laugh.

"'E's *asleep*," he said.

He shook him.

"'Ere, Dick lad," he said, "there's friends come as want to see yer."

Richard sat up and raised sleep-heavy eyelids.

"Who is it?" he said. "Hullo, Ainsworth. Hullo, you chaps. What's the trouble?

"Good lord!" He started abruptly to his feet. "I've been asleep. I say, what's the time? Nine-twenty! By gad!"

He stood swaying, holding on to the bedpost. Then he crossed to the washhand-stand and plunged his face into cold water.

Ainsworth, meanwhile, was rapidly explaining the situation.

"Fact of the matter is," said Richard, "I haven't been in bed for two nights. Not had my clothes off. I've been working at the forge all the time. A big contract to get off, and three of the forges cracked up just at the crucial moment. Graill away also, and the office work to see to. I remember now—the bed looked tempting, and before I had time to think—but this won't do. Where's my coat?"

They helped him into it, and in the cold night air he pulled himself together.

"What's that?" he asked, stopping in the corridor in the rear of the Town Hall as they were making their way to the platform.

One name was being roared out, apparently by the whole audience: "SELBY."

It came at regular intervals of mighty sound: "SEL-BY. SEL-BY. WE WANT SELBY."

They had made a song of it, and were amusing themselves with it until he came.

"Damn it all!" said Richard, attempting to retreat.

For the first time in his life he was unnerved.

"No, you don't!" said Ainsworth. "They want you, and they won't leave till they're satisfied. You've got to go through it. Cut it short if you like. Merely say Arthur Lyons is going to have your vote and deserves theirs. Anything. *They* don't care!"

"I know I shall make a hash of it," said Richard, "but"—he threw back his head—"here goes!"

* * * * * * *

Extracted from the "Moulden News" of the following day:

"He received an ovation on entering, the whole assembly rising to its feet and cheering him to the echo. When at length comparative quiet was restored, he asked with characteristic bluntness and imperturbability—'What the ruction was all about?'"

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

WRITING IN THE TRAIN.

Some of us have to do much travelling, and find little time for necessary correspondence while off the rails. It becomes a necessity to write letters, private and business kinds, as we are whirled along.

The great thing is to reduce the jarring of the train, and for this purpose we need some sort of spring on which to rest both hands and writing material.

A good tip to ensure good writing, and, moreover, writing that can be read by others afterwards, is to roll up a coat or a rug into a square thick pad, place it on the knees, and use it as a writing-desk.

The folds of the cloth act as springs.

It is interesting to note that the 'bus conductor in town, when entering up the details of his tickets on the way bill, bends his knees, and so obtains a similar sort of spring to take off the bumps of the 'bus.

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SQUARING THE CIRCLE. (A difficult problem, which will be worth a lot of marks if done properly.)

Answer: How do you square the circle? It all depends on what kind of a circle it is. If it is a circle of actors, it can be done with packets of Woodbines; if they be journalists, whisky is an excellent squarer.

* * *

DEFINE THE RULE OF THREE IN ARITHMETIC.

Answer: Here is a good example. If the Lord Chief Justice goes three times into the New Bailey, how many more times will "Dr." Crippen go into a public-house? Answer: No more times.

* * *

DRAWING. Name some different kinds of drawing, and the methods employed for each.

Answer: Sketches are drawn with a pencil, cheques with a pen, beer with a pull, teeth with a forceps, and one's salary with pleasure.

* * *

ARITHMETIC. If you multiply one with one, what is the result?

Answer: It all depends. If there is only one baby, it's three; but then, you see, there might be twins, or triplets, and all sorts of things.

* * *

MENTAL ARITHMETIC. If a man has ten cigarettes at 2 p.m. and smokes one per hour, how many has he at 8 p.m.?

Answer: In the ordinary way he would have four, but if he met anybody who cadged some, the answer would have to be worked out in decimals.

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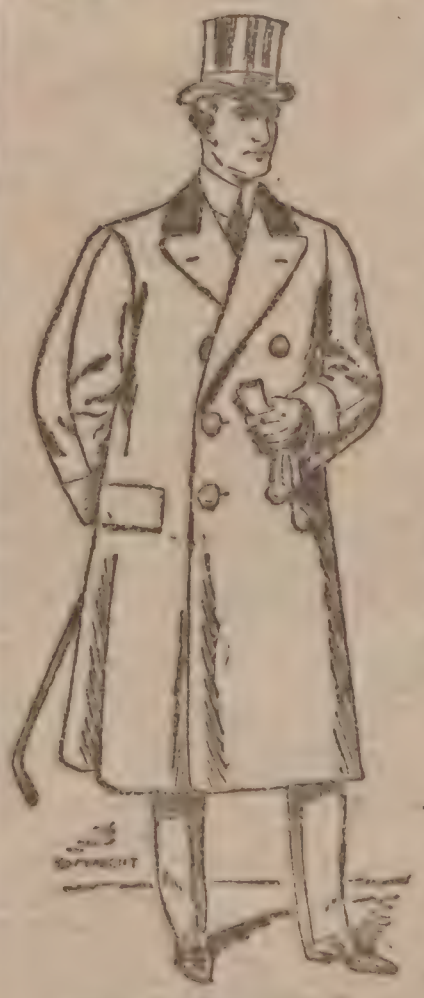

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

FULNESS IN CAPS.

A man well equipped in every detail save in his headgear can never achieve smartness, and upon the appearance of a man's head depends a great deal, and a badly-shaped cap will mar a man's looks as well as his outer appearance.

Different shaped heads require, naturally, their own special shape of cap, but a good general line to follow is always to make sure that there is ample material in the cap, especially at the sides.

Caps are constantly changing in shape. Some little time back the large peak was greatly in favour, but gradually the material has been brought more forward, so that the latest caps, while losing nothing of their size have not the huge peaks which, on some people, give an unduly "horsey" appearance.

The cap is by far the most comfortable of the various designs in masculine headwear, but perhaps it is not the most becoming.

It will always remain, however, the sportsman's favourite, and thus it may be considered quite as important an article as the financier's tall hat or the clerk's bowler.

ON SOCKS.

Socks of intricate pattern and varied hue do not look well in the present season. They appear somewhat incongruous when showing above the comparatively stout boots which our rainy season necessitates.

Also the splashes from puddles soon transform them into very different articles from the daintily-poised pair that caught our eye in the West-End outfitting window.

The cold also is well worthy of consideration.

Some men have developed the habit of wearing two pairs of socks at the same time. To outward appearance they wear the light summer article, but beneath this outer brilliance they wear a thick pair well suited to cold and rain.

To those who cannot forego the pleasures of gay footwear this may be useful as a tip, but personally I think that the simple clocks now obtainable upon winter goods should be sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious.

CHOOSING COLTH.

It nearly always happens that the everyday worker, not caring to devote his sacred Saturday afternoon to tailoring matters (often agreeing in this respect with the pleasure-seeking tailor), is forced to choose the cloth for his new clothes by artificial light.

Now, the pattern of cloth cannot be correctly judged either by gas or electric light, neither can the surface and quality of the material be adequately estimated.

The best plan is to go through the tailor's patterns — through his entire stock — selecting about a dozen which, you believe, will meet your requirements.

The tailor will be only too willing to cut off good-sized pieces of each for you, and, if the general colour is decided upon, and shape and cut do not depend upon the material to be selected, it is as well to have measurements taken there and then.

Next day the patterns may be examined by daylight, the most suitable being chosen accordingly.

A SPRING FORECAST.

It is probable that browns and greys will occupy the first positions in the matter of colour next spring.

The browns will, however, not be plain, but will be variegated in design, or striped with pronounced lines.

Greys can be worn by almost anybody, but it is not everyone can carry off a brown suit to the greatest advantage, and this rather points to a prevalence in greys.

While these two colours will be the recognised fashion, many people will remain true to the ever-popular green, but in these cases the green shade will not be so emphatic as in previous years.

THE PASSING OF THE FROCK-COAT.

The frock-coat was a most melancholy garment, and there can be but few who will mourn its decease.

Save in the case of the physician—omen of unhappiness — and those honoured individuals whose duty it is to attend State functions, I believe the frock-coat, in a few years' time—when the last frock-coat of the last old-school city clerk is irretrievably frayed and tattered—will have only a thin sprinkling of conservative adherents.

The frock-coat has never had any shape. Always the most sombre of garments—worn always on sad or formal occasions and never on happy ones—its very plainness must have doomed it from its birth, or that period in its evolution when first it came to be called by the term it now is known by. The only marvel is that it has retained prominence so long.

YESTERDAY.

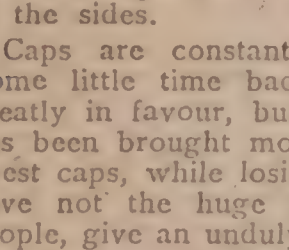
When we gay young men of to-day (I speak, of course, of my readers), who are apt to pride ourselves upon the gaiety and variety we so cleverly introduce into our attire, look back to the days of our forefathers, we must surely believe that, instead of making progress, we are stepping backwards—at least, in the matter of man's clothing.

It very often happens that the most gaily-dressed young man of to-day is rather soft, and thus one is led to believe that brilliant colours betoken softness.

In the old days this was far from being the case. Not infrequently it was the most gaily-bedecked young man who was the most ready with his fists or weapons when occasion demanded their use.

I sometimes wish that we could introduce a little more variety into man's dress, dashing to the ground the monopoly (as Mr. Lloyd George would say) so long held by the fair sex.

But as I have no wish to act the Pied Piper in the Strand (with small boys substituted for Browning's immortal rats), I merely content myself with an occasional indulgence in a tie that is neither black nor white.



This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1s. P.O. to-day and one penny stamp postage for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

THE LIN-GLOSS CO. (Dept. 5x), 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Oatine

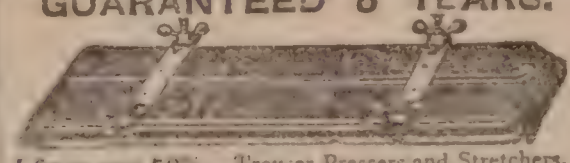
Even the keenest razor often irritates the skin. Apply OATINE after shaving—it stops the burning and soothes the skin.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Bldgs, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.



Price 5/9 Gives an elegant crease. Carriage paid.

I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List, Free.* 4/11 Unpolished

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

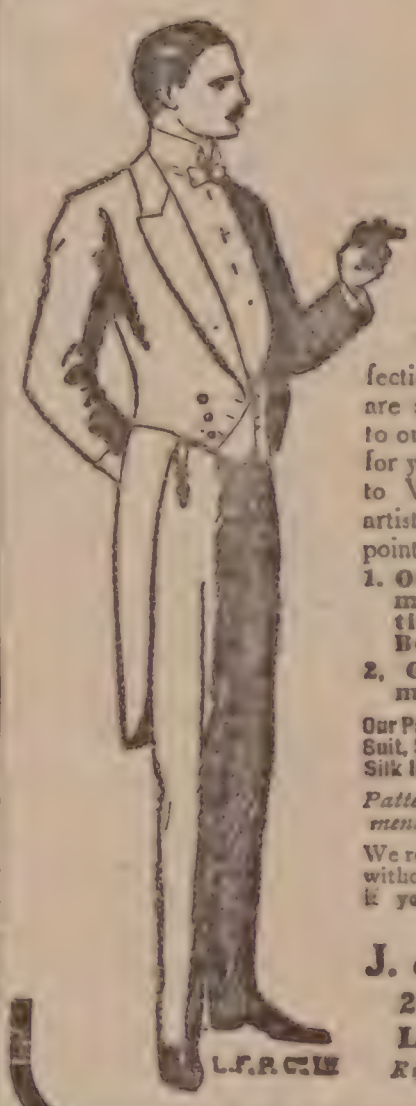
We Supply High-class Second-hand, and "Misfit" New. Gentlemen's, Youths', and Boys' Clothing, &c.

LET US CLOTHE YOU

Mackintoshes, Underwear, and Footwear. Clothing in Excellent Condition Bought. Good Price Given.

ADDISON, 40, REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the King?



There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.
2. Our prices are much lower.

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined - - - 84/-

Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

We return your money in full, without question or argument, if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS,
201, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.
Right opposite the Law Courts

THE OLD DANDY.

From time to time one sees, in the daily newspapers, letters from members of the old school protesting against the growing tendency towards the ease and comfort that is being adopted by the more modern men.

He is especially aggressive where the dinner jacket is concerned, and he waxes hardly less wroth upon the subject of lounge suits which, in Hyde Park and similar places, appear to be usurping the position so long held by the tail coat.

But he is evidently oblivious to the fact that fashion is ever changing, and in his dictatorial comment he shows that he is influenced entirely by the fashions of twenty years ago.

We have a similar state of affairs on the feminine side, where elderly ladies continue to favour the old-time corkscrew curls and hold up their hands in horror at the more modern coiffure.

The thing is not to be the very first to adopt a new fashion, and to be by no means among the last to drop it.

TROUSERS AND BRAID.

Now is the time when those of us who require new evening suits are setting about the purchase of them. This fact probably accounts for the many letters I have received during the past few weeks in connection with this subject.

Dress suits are clothes that last longer than any others, probably because they are not worn with regularity.

Consequently, in ordering, you should bear in mind that you will be wearing the suit for some time to come. In view of this it is not always advisable to favour any little fashion which, on expiring, might render your suit obviously out of date.

It is always as well, in evening suits, to keep within certain limits. If you go in for braid on the trousers, a custom now permissible, but one that may not always remain so, the chances are that you will be compelled to invest, in the early future, in new trousers.

LAUNDRIES AND THEIR METHODS.

A well-dressed collar is one of the marks of the well-dressed man. Yet the authorities at many laundries seem to ignore this fact by "sending home," week after week, practically new collars in an advanced state of dilapidation.

As well as giving a slipshod appearance to its owner, a rough-edged collar does its best to bring the flesh of the neck to a raw condition.

When an average laundry has the handling of it, a collar may pride itself on a long life if it survives its sixth visit to the land of starch and irons.

We all know how these laundries treat the stud holes. Few of us have never heard the tale of the man who declared that he had witnessed a number of laundry hands hanging up collars on a string by the stud holes, and then pulling them down with a rip when the time for ironing arrived, and we have all thrown aside otherwise good shirts irretrievably ruined by rough-edged cuffs.

But good laundries, though scarce, are to be found. My advice to all sufferers is to try laundry after laundry until you hit upon the right one.

I do not know if some laundries use a special preparation of starch, but I know that the difference in surface between the linen collars and cuffs turned out by various laundries is considerable—not to say astonishing.

BOOTS AND SNOW.

This paragraph is intended only for the use of the country reader, who is allowed a certain freedom where dress is concerned that is denied the townsman.

Walking in the snow in a pair of good boots is neither pleasant to man nor beneficial to boot. Therefore we have to set our minds to supply a remedy.

Here is a tip well worth remembering.

When you are to visit a friend and a walk across snow is unavoidable, put a pair of old socks over the boots. The wool will effectively keep the snow from the leather.

On reaching your destination you may throw away the ancient socks and enter your friend's house with comparatively dry and comfortable boots.

GLOVES AND RAIN.

Lucky is the man who, at this season of the year, is able to pass a fortnight without spoiling beyond recognition a pair of gloves.

Apparently the ideal glove for the rainy season has yet to be invented; certainly I have never yet found the glove that will emerge from a downpour in what might be called a respectable condition.

Woollen gloves are unsuited to rain, because they cannot keep the wet out. Kids on the other hand, are hopeless, because they become sticky or clammy and cannot be worn with anything but discomfort.

Regarding all points, I believe leather to be the strongest and most suited to rainy weather.

Tailoring worthy of the Modern Man.

We cater for the Modern Man, the man of good taste who spends his money wisely and well and who wants high grade, reliable clothing at moderate prices.

We make goods worthy of the men who support this journal and guarantee absolute satisfaction in every case. The "McKinley" System places high-class London tailoring within reach of the man of even very moderate means.

The "McKinley" garments are giving the greatest satisfaction to critical and careful dressers in all parts of the world, and we are daily receiving unsolicited testimonials as to the perfection of fit, style, and workmanship of our goods.

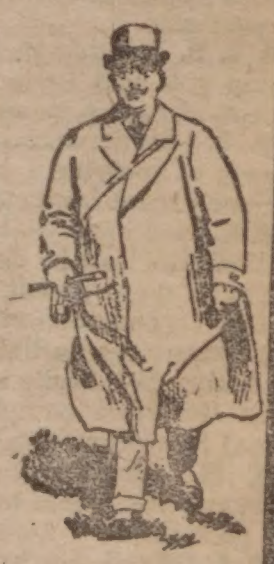
We use only genuine Scotch and English materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and give each and every order careful and individual attention. That is why the "McKinley" garments are always the embodiment of style, character, and good taste, and have about them that touch of distinction usually found only in the productions of the "exclusive" Bond Street tailors who charge prohibitive prices.

Ever since we started business we have accepted every order on the strict understanding that if the goods supplied were not in every way satisfactory we should refund the full amount paid for them, but so successful is the "McKinley" measurement system, and so completely satisfactory our goods, that **no client has ever yet had occasion to ask for the return of his money,** and no garment has ever been returned to us save for some trifling alteration.

Send to-day for Booklet "MN" which explains our system and tells how it is possible for us to offer such wonderful value.

OVERCOATS (to measure) .. .. 21/- to 45/-
SUITS " " .. .. 25/- to 50/-
RIDING BREECHES (to measure) .. .. .. 10/6 to 21/-

NO EXTRAS.



A SPECIAL LINE: The "McKinley" Mac, 16/6 carriage paid. Ready for service in all sizes. Wonderful value. A really high-class, serviceable Mackintosh for sporting or ordinary wear. An ideal Xmas Gift.

WRITE TO US TO-DAY. Together with our Booklet we shall send you, free and post paid, our magnificent range of Free Patterns, Fashion Plates, copies of unsolicited testimonials, tape measure, and the "McKinley" scientific self-measurement chart, which enables you to take measures as easily and accurately as an experienced tailor. Gentlemen residing in London should call.

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists and Men's Wear Experts, Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM ST., LONDON, E.C.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

E. H. (Leeds) informs us that the Y.M.C.A. is "a noble institution, which tries, by development of the body and spiritual development, to bring out the real man in its members." It is a pity that the best-directed efforts are not always successful.

J. C. (Blackpool).—As we have so often stated, no firm of brokers, either in the House or outside it, can be regarded as infallible financial prophets. The firm you mention is one of the best of outside brokers, but you should not speculate with them or with anyone else, unless you can afford to lose your money. When you are out for high profits you are necessarily taking great risk.

C. M. (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—It would appear that the blow which you received on your cheek has done serious damage, if the swelling has not yet gone down. Get the nearest doctor to have a look at it. He will charge you, perhaps, only 1s. 6d. or so, and will probably save you much pain and possible disfigurement.

B. Y. (Preston).—We have already printed illustrated articles showing how to tie bow-ties and stock-ties. As the numbers containing these articles are now out of print, we are arranging to have further diagrams on the subject, as the matter appears interesting to many readers.

F. R. W. (Manchester).—Mr. S. Mellor, 17, Aqueduct Street, Ducie Street, Manchester, is already forming a MODERN MAN Club in that town. He has a complete list of the members there, and will doubtless be pleased to show it to you if you apply to him.

G. S. (Andover).—The number you mention is out of print. We do not give racing tips, because the paper goes to press so long in advance that the horse we tipped might be dead or scratched before the race came off.

W. J. A. (Manchester).—The trouble you are having with your collars is simply due to the fact that the collars are not well made. Go to a better shop for the next lot.

X. Y. Z. (Halstead) wants to know how to remove blood stains from boxing gloves. Apparently he has been having some rather hefty rounds. Let us hope that it is the other fellow's blood! Benzine will be of some use, but if the gloves are of ordinary chamois leather probably a careful application of pipeclay would do the job.

J. WARE, 24, Rawdon Road, Maidstone, wants to meet a reader who is fond of outdoor sport of any kind that is within the reach of a workingman.

C. O. (South Shields).—Much nonsense has been talked about Canada, both regarding its prospects and its drawbacks. The truth is that there, as in most of our other Colonies, a man can make a success if he has plenty of energy and excellent health. Neither there nor anywhere else do golden apples drop into your mouth without effort on your part.

H. T. D. (Huddersfield).—If you are given to cramp you had better give up the swimming—except, of course, in swimming baths.

M. B. (Sunderland).—You cannot better the old wheeze of applying a hot iron and brown paper to remove grease from clothes.

G. H. (Southport).—If racing tipsters were sure of their fancies why do they not back them and retire on the proceeds?

J. K. T. (Leominster).—The present division of the country for Parliamentary purposes is greatly at fault. We badly require "Redistribution," or even the more complicated system of "Proportional Representation."

J. M. (Highbury).—We hardly think that "Boccaccio" would make a suitable book present for your sister.

W. L. (Wandsworth).—Our wine "expert" does not believe that the sixpenny champagne *is* champagne, but will not express a definite opinion. Your other question has been forwarded to the Financial Editor.

L. T. (Highgate).—Our article was not directed against any bank in particular, but against the system generally. The bank you mention is, we belive, safe—as far as banks go.

H. J. L. (Birmingham).—We thank you. Captain Saunders is always glad to discuss any dress subjects about which readers require information.

M. E. A. (Birmingham).—If you and your tailor can come to an agreement as to gradual payments there need be no feeling of dissatisfaction. Men in every business and trade accommodate each other in this way.

W. F. (Norbury).—The reason the laying of the turf has been done in autumn is that there is ample rain to bind the sods, and there is a chance for the lawn to settle before the hot weather of next year.

O. B. (Moorgate Street, E.C.).—If you are obliged to fix your holidays so far in advance for business reasons, remember that next year is Coronation year. This may modify your plans. Possibly your employers have not taken this into consideration.

E. H. (Bristol).—Very sorry, but the numbers you mention are out of print, and can be obtained only by advertising for them.

L. C. (Accrington).—Candidates for the Metropolitan Police must be over 21 and under 27, and must stand 5ft. 9in. in bare feet. An application form can be obtained on application to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, New Scotland Yard, S.W.

C. G. (Lanark).—A cigar, however good, may "knock you over" before dinner, when another of the same sort may prove a delight after dinner. The trouble was that you smoked a full-bodied cigar on an empty stomach.

H. H. (Glasgow), **E. F. C.** (Wallingford), **H. C.** (Portsmouth), **G. S.** (Brighton), **H. D. R.** (Leicester).—Our best thanks to you.

Dr. BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS COMPOUNDS.

THEY TREAT YOUR NERVES AS WELL AS YOUR COMPLAINT.

PLAIN SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. A Vitalising Food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c.—and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, &c., &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's preparations.* Of especial value to Professional Men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations of either sex.

Rev. A. E. Realff, Leicester, says of this kind: "Has helped me marvellously in my brain work. I feel quite another man."

IRONISED SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular Debility, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Rupture, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility Of *great value* also as a restorative after an attack of "*Influenza.*"

Rev. R. Fletcher, Hull, says of this kind: "Has made the life and work a pleasure that before were a burden."

SUB-IRONISED Especially prepared for Ladies and Delicate Persons *instead* of the "Ironised." For Debility of the Muscular and General System, and when generally "Below Par," and for Bright's Disease, Mumps, and Varicose Veins. For Anæmia, Poorness of Blood and Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value also for "backward" children.

Rev. G. Cook, Church Gresley, says of this kind: "Very beneficial. Recommended to others."

BRONCHIAL SPECIAL REMEDY for Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Quinsy, Congestion of the Lungs, Diphtheria, Throat and Chest Weakness.

Rev. J. C. Griffiths, Llangefin, says of this kind: "I can bear the highest testimony to this splendid medicine."

GASTRIC SPECIAL REMEDY for Indigestion, Liver Complaints, and Loss of Appetite.

Rev. E. Evans, Huddersfield, says of this kind: "Benefit received is very decided."

ANTI-RHEUMATIC SPECIAL REMEDY for every form of Rheumatism and Gout (in some cases **"Ironised"** or **"Sub-Ironised"** will aid the action of this preparation when taken on alternate days with it).

Rev. E. Tongue, Handsworth, says of this kind: "After more than 12 months' continuous local pain from Rheumatic Gout, the second bottle suspended this, an effect various treatment had failed to produce."

ANTI-STIPATIO SPECIAL REMEDY for Chronic Constipation, Flatulence, Piles, Spasms, Fistula, &c. This is not a purgative, but restores natural action by strengthening the muscular contractile power of the bowels.

Rev. R. Frame, Birkenhead, says of this kind: "Accomplished all it claimed to do."

NEW ENLARGED BOTTLES,
3, 9, and 16ozs., 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6 (all kinds).

Dr. Birley's several compounds are sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boots', Taylors', Parke's, Lewis and Burrows', Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

[We print below a further instalment of the list of members in THE MODERN MAN League. Names received too late for the general list will be printed later in a supplementary list, which will also include any corrections and alterations necessary.]

COOKSTOWN.
A. NEELY, Greenvale Mills.

CORBRIDGE-ON-TYNE.
R. CRISP, Market Place.

CORK.
A. H. BROWNE, 6, Pope's Road.
G. HARRIS, 6 Pope's Road.
J. McFARLAND, 8, Spring View Terrace, Commons Road.
C. B. O'HERLIBY, 4, Friar Street.
J. O'LEARY, Grattan Hill House.

CORNHOLME.
W. INGHAM, 656, Burnley Road.

COSHAM.
W. S. FRASER, No. 4 Dept., R.F.A., Fort Purbrook.
A. C. HOWLETT, The Post Office.

COVENTRY.
G. ASHTON, 182, Spon Street.
A. H. CARSON, 36, Mowbray Street.
W. H. DAY, Quinton Road.
T. H. DUNN, 4, Brewery Street.
J. F. EGAN, 320, Foleshill Road.
F. FLOYD, 9, Primrose Hill Street.
E. J. GRAHAM, Aberfeldy, Earlsdon Lane.
G. T. HARRIS, 8, Keppel Street.
T. W. HARRIS, Aliesley.
J. HARTOP, 41, Hill Street.
J. LOCKINGTON, "Thorncroft," St. Michael's Road.
E. MATON, 14, Byron Street.
E. MATON, 55, Swanswell Street.
P. MUNSTON, 182, Span Street.
W. NEAL, Jun., Oxford House, Allesley Old Road.
R. PARRY, 18, Sparkbrook Street.
S. PITTANA, 105, North Street, Upper Stoke.
C. ROBERTS, "Fernlea," St. Patrick's Road.
T. A. STALEY, Clarendon House, Earlsden.
H. TAIT, 18, St. John's Terrace, Queen Victoria Road.
T. VICKERS, 9, Primrose Hill Street.
A. B. WATT, 16, King Edward Road.

COWES.
W. F. ANSELL, Jun., Brandon Villas, Osborn Road.
B. COOKE, 17, Park Road.
A. CORKE, Florince Cottage, Terminus Road.
W. E. WAPSHOTT, 3, Arthur Cottages, Victoria Road.

COXHOE.
R. CRAGG, West Parade.
E. D. HEPPELL, Cornforth Lane.
G. JOINER, 2, Co-operative Terrace.
B. McSWAIN, 2, Co-operative Terrace.
J. T. RAWLINGS, Black Horse Hotel.
H. E. THOMPSON, Blackgate.

CRANBROOK.
C. BUTCHER, 6, Victoria Cottages.
J. FLEET, High Street.

CRANLEIGH.
G. V. HAYMAN, "Tringhurst."

CRAWLEY.
R. H. HOLTON, County Oak.
A. SHAW, High Street.
R. E. J. STONE, 18, Post Office Road.
C. F. TOMPKINS, Jun., 4, Station Hill, Three Bridges.

CREWE.
W. H. BLACKSHAW, 3, Alfred Street.
F. BOONE, 294, West Street.
H. BOSTOCK, 37, Furber Street.
H. R. DYKE, 88, Samuel Street.
W. HOUGH, 49, Richard Street.
T. D. HUGHES, 62, Beach Street.
C. McHALE, 37, Furber Street.
C. C. PENNY, 31, Electricity Street.
B. A. ROBERTS, 13, Ernest Street.
A. WORTH, Goosbrey.

CROMER.
F. W. SHORTEN, Red Lion Hotel.
J. WELBY, Heath House.

CROOK.
F. HESLOP, 1, Gladstone Street.

CROXDALE.
G. BROWN, 6, Front Street.
W. BROWN, 6, Front Street.
W. WATKIN, 4, Station Terrace.

CROWBOROUGH.
W. G. WICKENS, Littlebourne, London Road.

CRUMLIN.
G. CAMBRAY, Woodbine House.

CUDWORTH.
H. L. BECKETT, 36, York Street.

CULLERCOATS.
H. HULLAH, 35, Eleanor Street.

CURRAGH CAMP.
W. PAYNE (Private), "B" Squadron, 18th Hussars.

CWMPARK
H. EVANS, 22, Lower Terrace.
T. HUGHES, 114, Park Road.

DALBEATTIE.
H. D. SOWERBY, Assistant Road Surveyor, Rickerby Flat.

DALKEITH.
W. HOGG, 32, Muirpark, Eskbank.

(To be continued.)

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Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Dress Suit, bargain, 1½ guineas; perfect condition, worn only five times; owner 5ft. 9½in., average build.—Box 3970, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory Perth.

Fine reversible sporting coat, guaranteed waterproof both sides, in good condition, 38 to 40 chest; bargain 30s.—Box 3966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high-class well-made waterproof coat. Wonderful value. For full particulars of this and fashionable London tailoring at very moderate prices see McKinley's advertisement, page 23.

The well-dressed man, and the man that wants to look smart, should read Lin-Gloss & Co.'s advertisement, page 22.

Gent.'s mackintosh, in perfect condition, size 38 chest; bargain, 16s. 6d.—Box 3927, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR. Money saved. Angling chums admire British-made fishing tackle. Prices to suit all pockets. Testimonials by the mile. No shops supplied. Catalogues free from the makers. —Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle table, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 3929, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rubber exerciser and pair dumb-bells, 14lb. What offers?—3981, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, fly book, with or without lock, and sea trout flies.—Box 3982, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Cycle, free wheel, back brake, new tyres and tubes; 30s.—Box 3983, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle, 27in., Humber frame, two rim brakes, free wheel, upturned handle bars, good condition, splendid running machine, suitable for tall, heavy man. What offers?—Box 3984, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

Concentration, Will-Power, Success. 13 different books; the lot 8s. 6d., cost treble.—Box 3971, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech Without Using Notes." Learn the valuable art of public speaking. Interesting handbook free.—Central London Institute, Holborn Hall, London.

Wanted, Pelman-Foster System Memory Training, complete; state price.—Box 3972, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 19.

What offers all numbers "Modern Man"?—Write Box 3944, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

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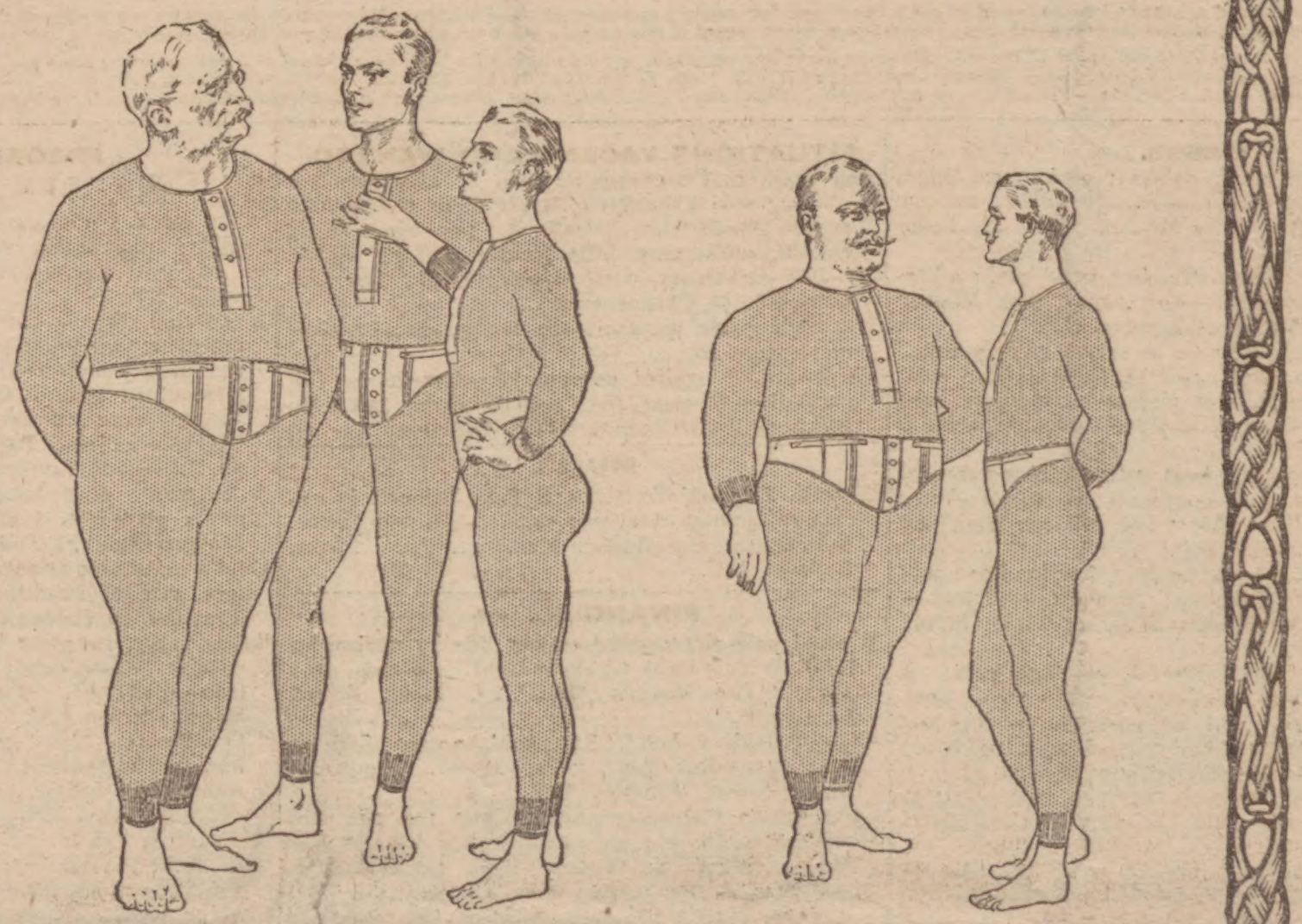

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